



10¢

JAN.
NO. 40



HOUSE of SECRETS

*"MASTER
of the SPACE BEASTS!"*

ONE OF THOSE
CREATURES IS
HARMLESS, THE OTHER
DEADLY--AND YOU
HAVE ONLY ONE
SHOT IN THAT
STUN-RAY GUN!



A
**MARK
MERLIN**
MYSTERY



Test your talent

Contest prize: \$495.00 Scholarship in Commercial Art

Draw your choice of any one of these heads. Draw it any size you want except like a tracing. Use pencil. Everyone who enters contest gets a professional estimate of his talent. Winner receives a complete art course—free training in advertising art, magazine illustrating, cartooning, or landscape or portrait painting.

Try for this free art course! Students are taught, individually, by professional artists on the staff of world's largest home study art school. Illustrated art textbooks cover both basic and advanced training. Many former students now earn upwards from \$150 a week as commercial artists. Some earn \$25,000 a year or more.

Entries for January 1961 contest must be received by January 31. None returned. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Winner notified.

Use 1 coupon—then pass this page on to a friend.

3. ART INSTRUCTION, INC., Studio 11500 500 South 4th St., Minneapolis 15, Minn.

Please enter my drawing in your draw-a-head contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____
Occupation _____ AGE _____
Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____ Zone _____
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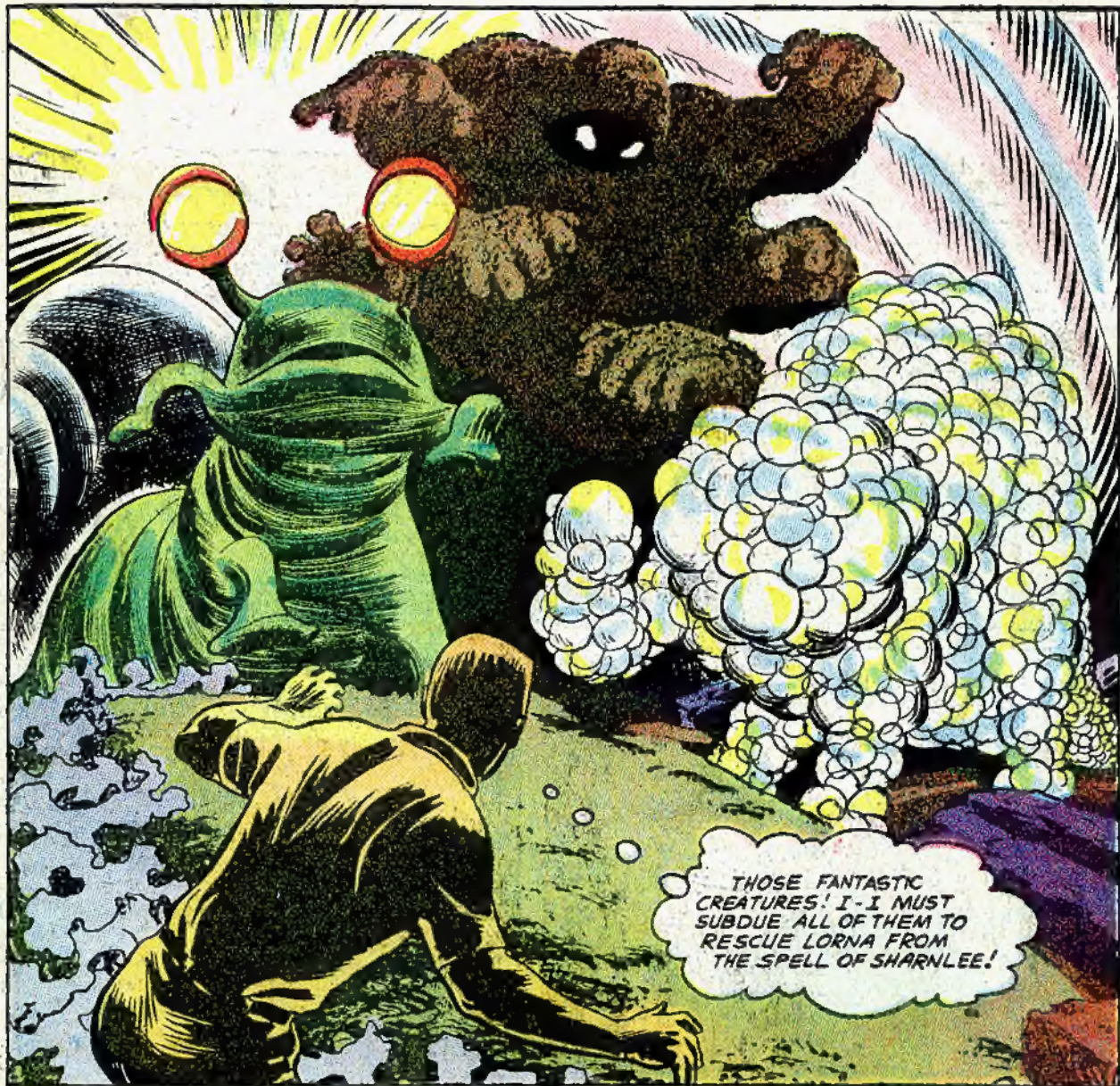
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THOSE FANTASTIC
CREATURES! I-I MUST
SUBDUE ALL OF THEM TO
RESCUE LORNA FROM
THE SPELL OF SHARNLEE!

WAS IT INCREDIBLE
FACT OR VIVID
LEGEND...THAT
A BEAUTEOUS
GIRL WAS
IMPRISONED
WITHIN AN
AMAZING SHELL?
PAUL LEARNED
THE TERRIBLE
TRUTH WHEN HE
DARED TO FREE
HER, AS HE
PROBED...

THE SECRET of the ENCHANTED SHELL

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HOUSE OF SECRETS



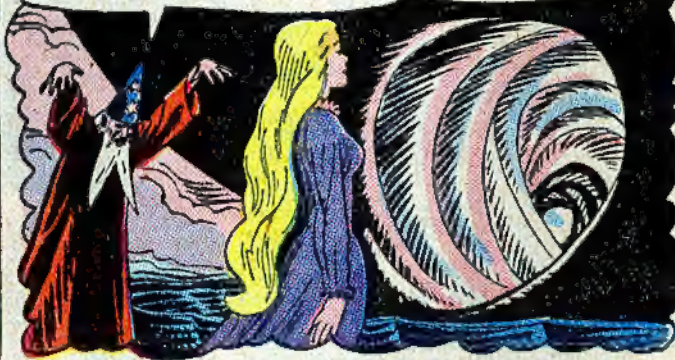
POSSESSION OF ONE PARTICULAR EXHIBIT HAS LONG INTERESTED PAUL REYNOLDS, OWNER OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST SHELL COLLECTION...

I'M OBSESSED WITH THIS STRANGE LEGEND... THE INCREDIBLE TALE OF THE ENCHANTED SHELL OF SHARNLEE! IT TELLS HOW EONS AGO...



"... THE GREAT SORCERER SHARNLEE IMPRISONED LORNA, A LOVELY GIRL..."

YOU WILL DWELL WITHIN ITS PEARLY WALLS FOREVER... NEITHER DEAD NOR ALIVE... GUARDED BY CREATURES OF MY CREATION! THE TIDES OF ALL THE SEAS WILL WASH YOU FROM SHORE TO SHORE!



WHAT SECRETS DO THE SHELLS MURMUR WHEN I HOLD THEM TO MY EAR? DOES ONE WHISPER A MESSAGE FROM HER?... THE LEGEND SAYS THAT THE MAN WHO RESCUES LORNA WILL BE HER BELOVED!



DETERMINED TO LEARN IF THE LEGEND IS TRUE, PAUL SEARCHES ENDLESSLY UNTIL ONE MORNING, ON A REMOTE ISLE...

OVER THERE... SHIMMERING IN THE MIST... A GIANT SHELL! HAVE I SUCCEEDED FINALLY IN FINDING IT?



SUDDENLY, A BEAM OF LIGHT LANCES FROM THE SHELL...

I--I'M HIT!



DAZED, HE DROPS TO THE GROUND, THEN...

I - I'M UNHURT! THAT BEAM IS SIGNALING ME... AS IF IT WANTS ME TO APPROACH! CAN LORNA BE INSIDE, DIRECTING IT, SENSING THAT I WANT TO RESCUE HER?



I--I HEAR THE SAME LOW MURMURS THAT I'VE HEARD IN SMALLER SHELLS... AND YET... IT SEEMS AS IF AMONG THEM THERE'S A GIRL'S VOICE, TOO...



LUNGING INSIDE, PAUL PAUSES TO GAPE AT THE INTERIOR...

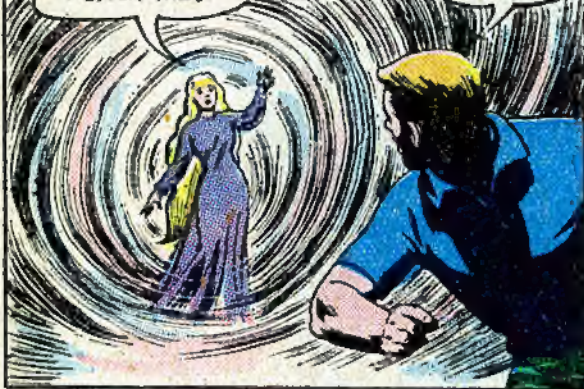
THE SHELL SEEMS SUDDENLY LARGER... AND HOW STRANGE IT LOOKS! IT... IT MUST BE THE ENCHANTED SHELL OF SHARNLEE!



THEN, AS HE CONTINUES TO STARE, A VISION MATERIALIZES...

BEWARE THE ENCHANTMENTS OF SHARNLEE, RASH ONE! THREE TERRIBLE GUARDS CONFINED ME! IT IS FOLLY TO TRY TO REACH ME!

LORNA--!



I... I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO ME! I... I WILL TRY TO SAVE YOU!

THEN I SHALL GIVE YOU ADVICE THAT MAY HELP YOU OVERCOME YOUR THREE MONSTROUS FOES!



FIGHT LIGHT WITH DARK, AND LAND WITH SEA, FIGHT BIG WITH SMALL, AND I'LL BE FREE!

BUT... BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN?



HER IMAGE... GONE! I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT I MUST FACE OR WHAT HER WORDS MEAN! MAYBE I'LL FIND OUT WHEN I ROUND THIS BEND!

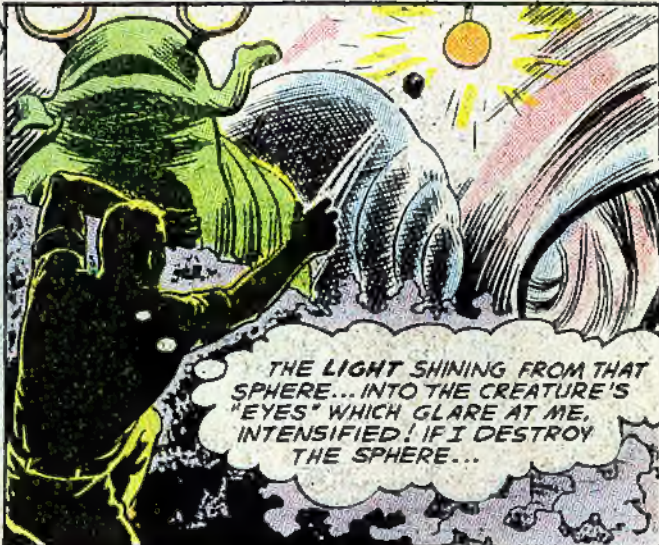


AS HE WARILY MAKES THE TURN...

OH--! AN INCREDIBLE CREATURE...
AND THAT BLINDING LIGHT FROM ITS
"EYES"... WEAKENING ME... MAKING
ME FEEL FAINT!



IN A FEW MORE MOMENTS... I'LL EXPIRE...
HOW CAN I--? THAT VERSE LORNA RECITED!
IT MUST EXPLAIN HOW TO COMBAT... THIS
MENACE!



... I'LL DESTROY ITS LIGHT
SOURCE! I'LL BE FIGHTING
ITS LIGHT BY...



I'M NOT AFRAID OF THE OTHER TWO I HAVE TO FACE NOW... THANKS TO LORNA'S ADVICE, BUT I'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO APPLY IT!



MOVING STEALTHILY DOWN THE IRIDESCENT PASSAGEWAY, HE ROUNDS A CURVE--AND SUDDENLY BECOMES RIGID...

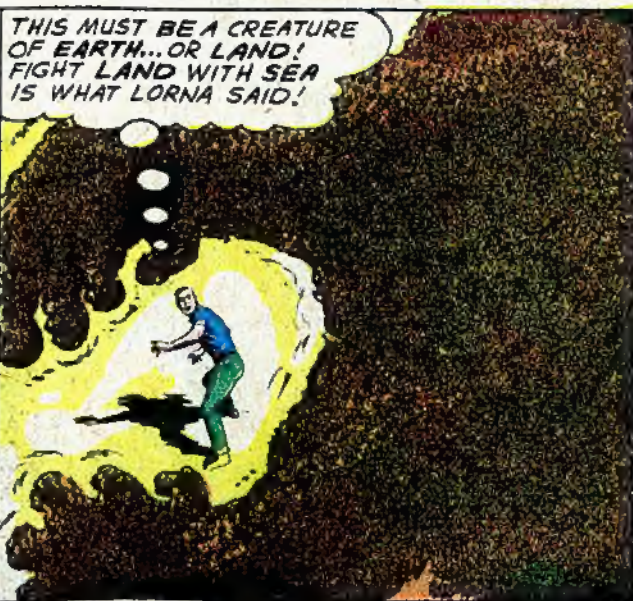


THAT--THAT THING IN THERE... IT--IT'S SO FRIGHTENING, IT'S PREPOSTEROUS!



KRAK!
KRAK!

IT'S REACHING TO SEIZE ME, BUT I CAN'T FLEE! I MUST STAY AND OVERCOME IT! HOW CAN LORNA'S WORDS HELP ME NOW?



THIS MUST BE A CREATURE OF EARTH...OR LAND! FIGHT LAND WITH SEA IS WHAT LORNA SAID!



YET...HOW CAN I? THERE'S NOT A DROP OF WATER HERE!

NO WATER AT ALL... UNLESS... IF I DIG IN THIS SAND, I MIGHT HELP MYSELF OUT OF THIS SITUATION!



DESPERATELY, PAUL CLAWS INTO THE SAND UNTIL...

I'VE STRUCK WATER-- JUST AS I HOPED I WOULD! NOW TO SCOOP SOME UP AND--



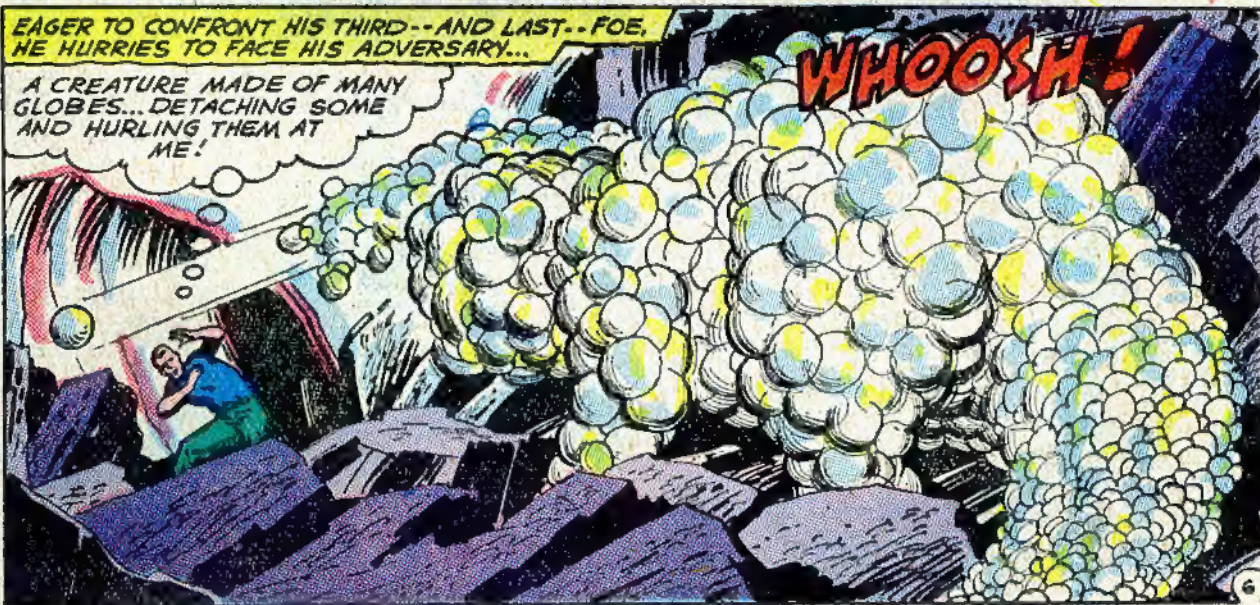
IT WORKED! I DID AS YOU SAID, LORNA... FOUGHT LAND WITH SEA!

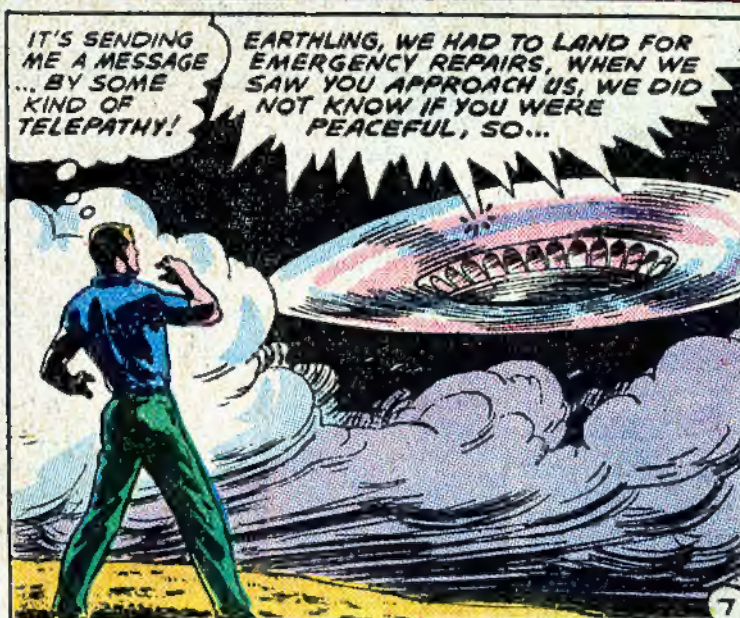
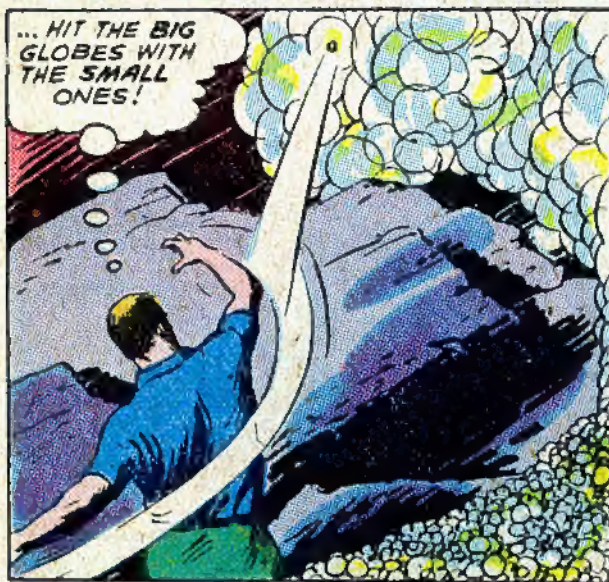
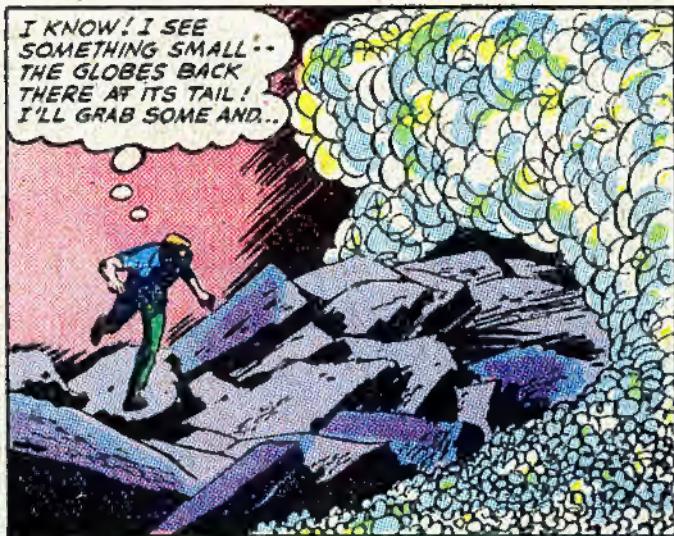
AND NOW... ONLY ONE MORE OBSTACLE, AND YOU'LL BE FREE, LORNA... FREE TO RUSH INTO MY ARMS... AS I ALWAYS DREAMED YOU WOULD, ONE DAY!

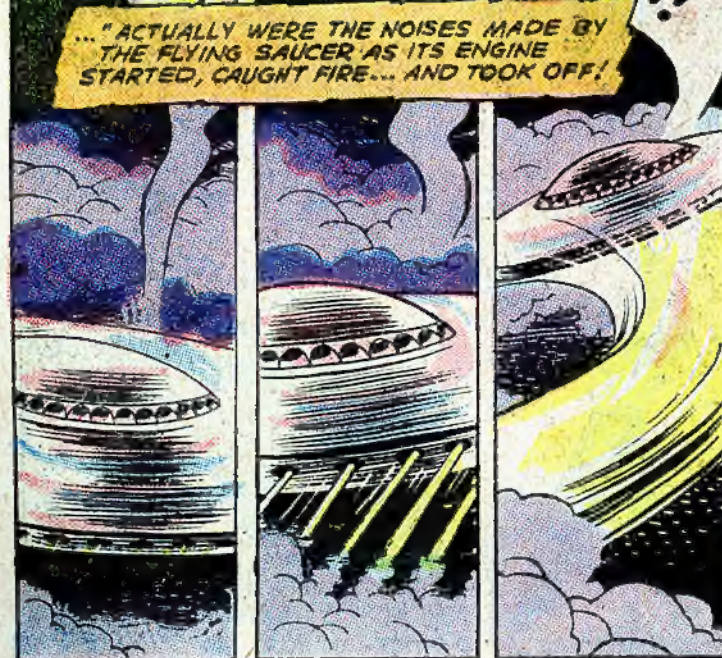
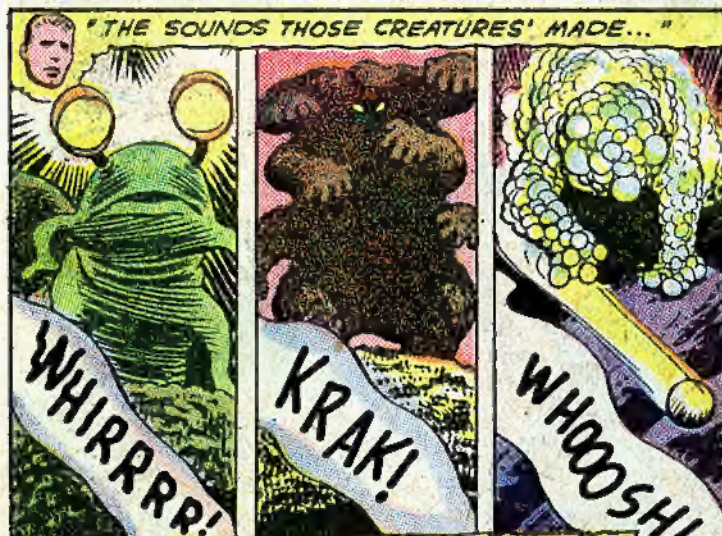
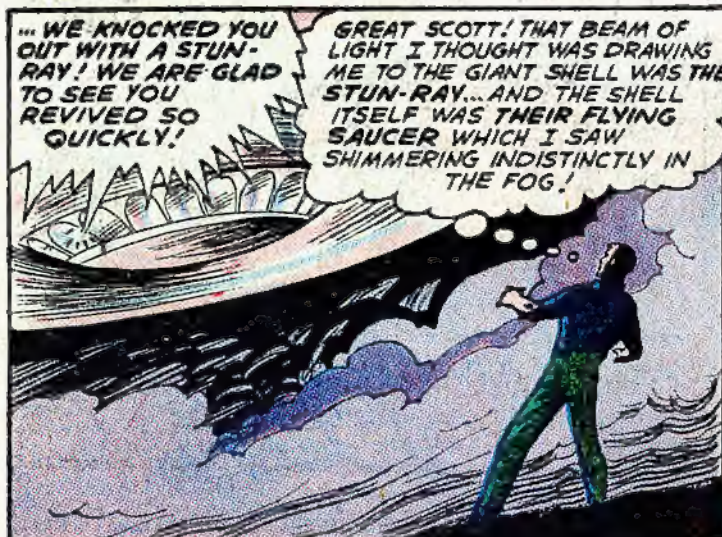


EAGER TO CONFRONT HIS THIRD--AND LAST--FOE, HE HURRIES TO FACE HIS ADVERSARY...

A CREATURE MADE OF MANY GLOBES... DETACHING SOME AND HURLING THEM AT ME!

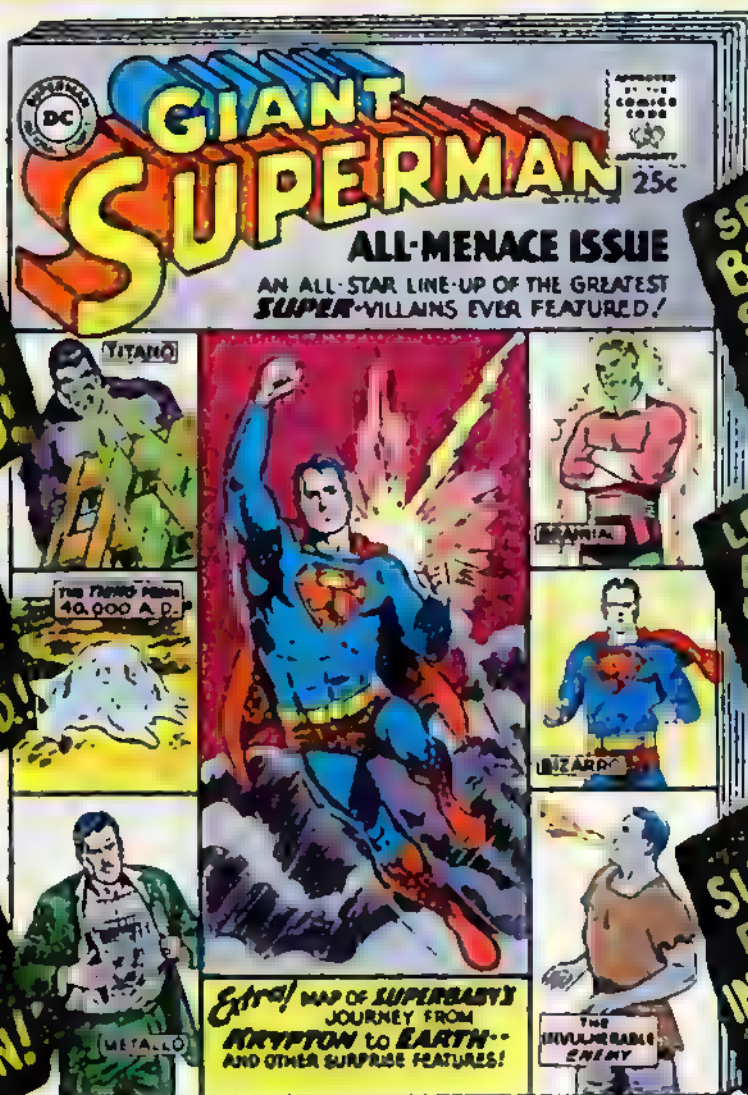






Watch for the **SECOND** **SUPERMAN** **ANNUAL!**

FEATURING THE *GREATEST FOES*
EVER TO CHALLENGE THE *MAN OF STEEL!*



SEE
SUPERMAN'S
FIRST
BATTLE WITH
TITANO!

MEET
THE THING
FROM
40,000 A.D.!

WATCH
METALLO
PLOT TO
DESTROY
SUPERMAN!

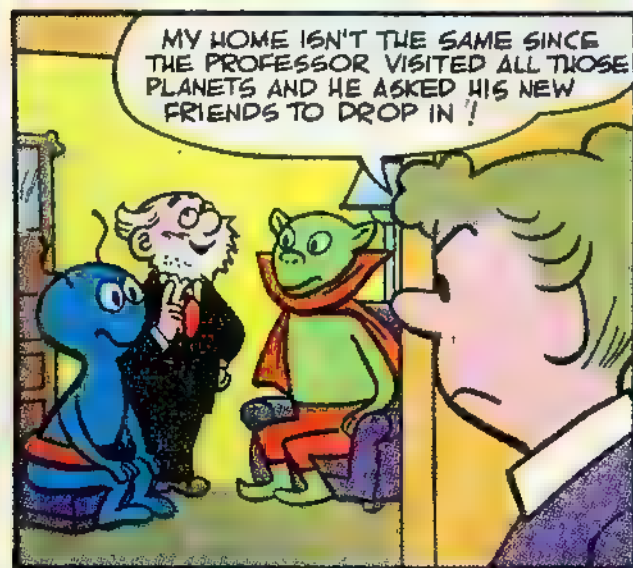
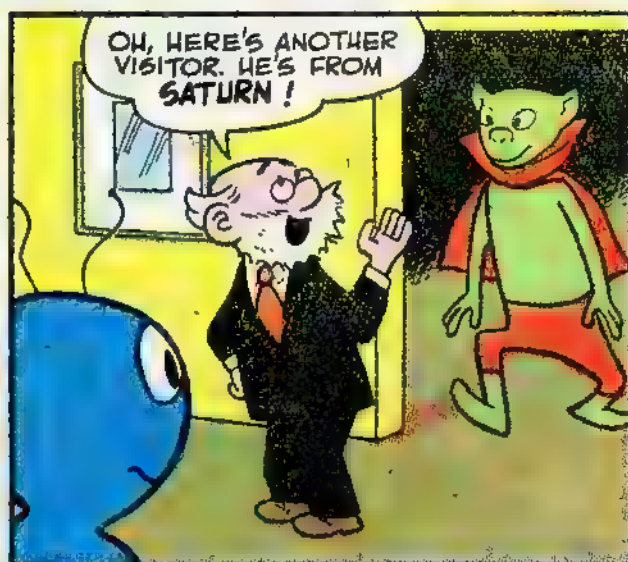
SEE HOW
BRAINIAC
SHRUNK THE
CITY OF
KANDOR!

LEARN THE
AMAZING
ORIGIN OF
THE **FIRST**
BIZARRO!

SEE
SUPERMAN
DUEL THE
INVULNERABLE
ENEMY!

ON SALE EVERYWHERE ...







IT STARTED OUT AS A MERRYMAKING MASQUERADE, BUT FOR BRAD WILSON HIS DISGUISE SOON BECAME A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH. NOT ONLY HIS OWN BUT AN ENTIRE CITY'S, AND THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE THEM BOTH WAS TO BECOME...

THE MAN WHO *STOLE AN ALIEN IDENTITY*

I VOLUNTEERED TO GO ON THE MISSION TO TEST THEIR WEAPONS AGAINST EARTHLINGS!

IF THEY ONLY KNEW THE TRUTH-- THAT I'M AN EARTHMAN DISGUISED AS AN ALIEN!



ABOARD A PLEASURE YACHT, YOUNG BRAD WILSON, GARISHLY COSTUMED, STEPS OUT ON DECK...

MY INTERPLANETARY COSTUME IS QUITE A HIT AT THE MASQUERADE PARTY BELOW... BUT IT'S UNBEARABLY STIFLING DOWN THERE... AH, THE FRESH AIR SMELLS GOOD...

SUDDENLY, AS THE BOAT ROLLS, BRAD LOSES HIS FOOTING, AND...

SIGHTING A DISTANT ISLAND, THE HAPLESS DERELICT STRIKES OUT...

CLIMBING OUT OF THE SURF, HE MAKES HIS WAY WARILY TOWARDS THE INHABITANTS, WHEN...

HELP! HELP!

NO USE! THE SOUNDS OF THE PARTY DROWN ME OUT!

NOT MUCH MORE TO GO TO REACH SHORE... I THOUGHT THIS ISLAND WAS DESERTED... BUT I CAN SEE SOME FIGURES!

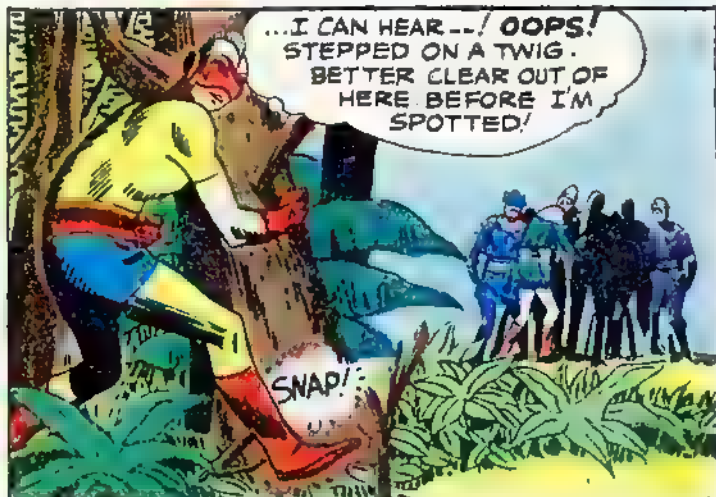
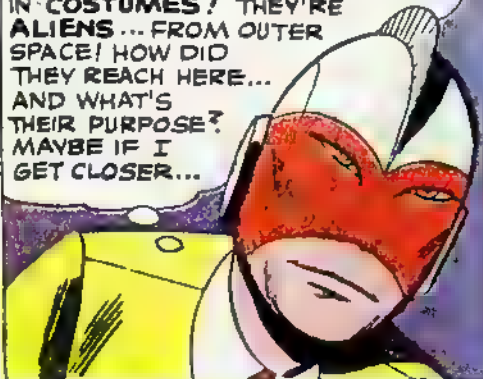
GREAT SCOTT! WHY ARE THEY WEARING THOSE WEIRD INTERPLANETARY COSTUMES? AND WHY DID THEY CONGREGATE HERE, IN THIS FORSAKEN SPOT?

GOOD HEAVENS! HE RELEASED TWO RAYS FROM THOSE GADGETS, AND NOW IS WALKING ON THEM!

AND HE SHOT OUT A TENTACLE THAT RIPPED OUT THAT ROCK FROM THE GROUND!

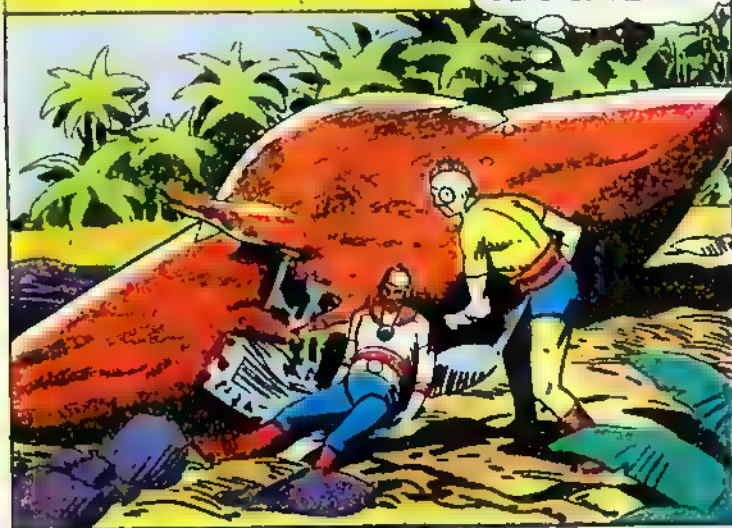
SUDDENLY A FRIGHTENING INCREDIBLE THOUGHT CHILLS BRAD...

THEY... THEY'RE NOT PEOPLE... IN COSTUMES! THEY'RE ALIENS... FROM OUTER SPACE! HOW DID THEY REACH HERE... AND WHAT'S THEIR PURPOSE? MAYBE IF I GET CLOSER...

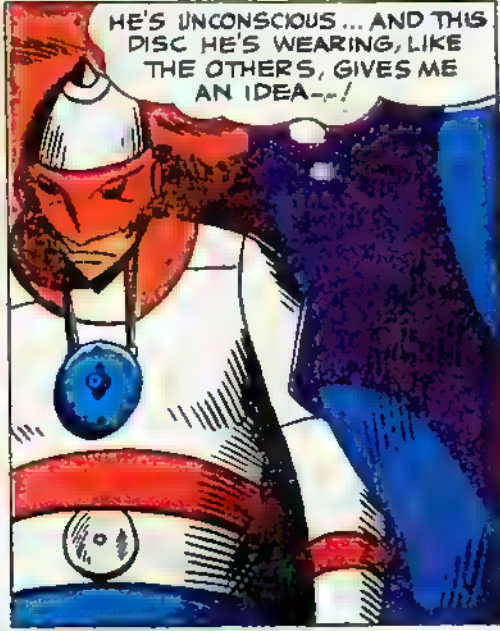


SLIPPING BACK INTO THE WATER, HE SWIMS TO A COVE ON THE ISLAND, WHERE A SECOND STUNNING SURPRISE AWAITS HIM...

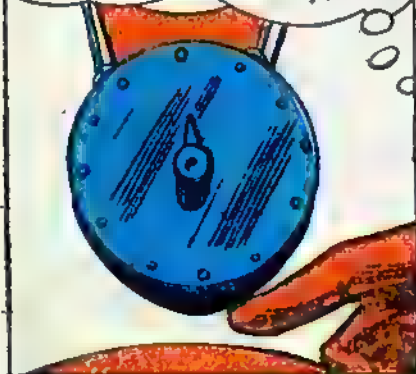
ANOTHER ONE... AND HIS WRECKED SPACESHIP! IS HE DEAD OR ALIVE?



HE'S UNCONSCIOUS... AND THIS DISC HE'S WEARING, LIKE THE OTHERS, GIVES ME AN IDEA--!

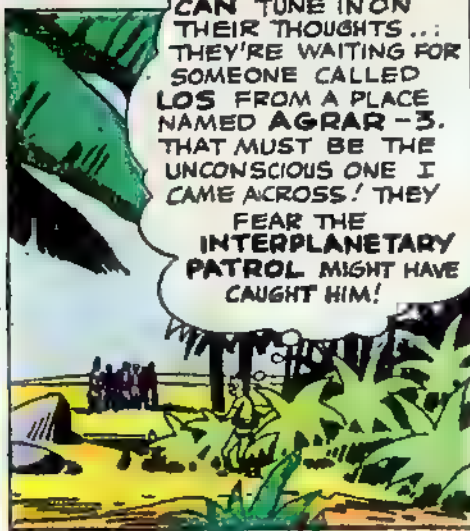


THOSE ALIENS DIDN'T TALK BUT SEEMED TO EXCHANGE IDEAS! MAYBE THIS DISC IS A TELEPATHY DEVICE, WHICH PERMITS THEM TO SEND AND RECEIVE THOUGHT WAVES! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!



SHORTLY...

I WAS RIGHT! I CAN TUNE IN ON THEIR THOUGHTS... THEY'RE WAITING FOR SOMEONE CALLED LOS FROM A PLACE NAMED AGRAR-3. THAT MUST BE THE UNCONSCIOUS ONE I CAME ACROSS! THEY FEAR THE INTERPLANETARY PATROL MIGHT HAVE CAUGHT HIM!

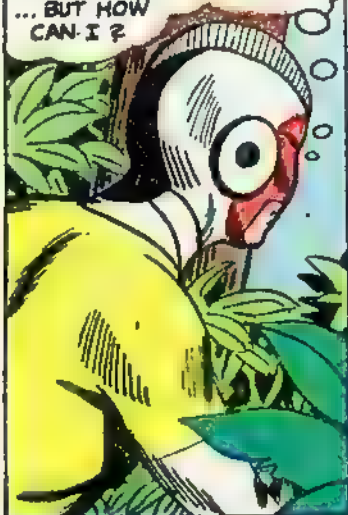


AS THEIR THOUGHTS FILTER THROUGH BRAD'S MIND...

THEY'RE INTERPLANETARY CROOKS, HERE TO TEST NEW DEVICES IN REAL CRIMES! THEY IGNORE OUR EARTH POLICE BECAUSE THEY'RE NO MATCH FOR THEM!



TWO OF THEM WILL BE CHOSEN TO DISGUISE THEMSELVES AS EARTHLINGS TO MAKE THE TESTS. THIS IS TERRIBLE! I MUST TRY TO STOP THEM ... BUT HOW CAN I ?



TORMENTED BY INDECISION, BRAD PONDERES A SOLUTION, UNTIL...

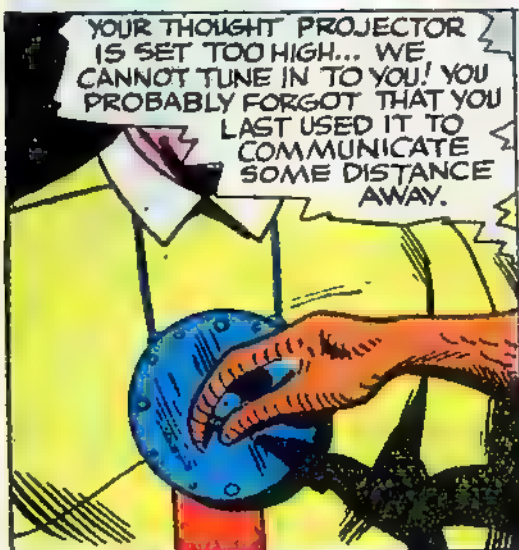
OF COURSE ! IT'S SO OBVIOUS, I WASN'T AWARE OF IT! SINCE I'M DISGUISED AS AN ALIEN, I'LL SIMPLY TELL THEM LOS SENT ME IN HIS PLACE!



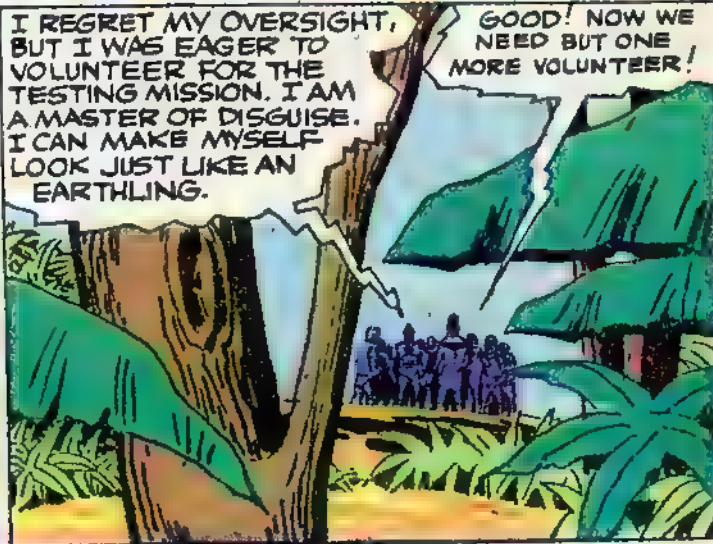
I AM ROGAR... FROM A REMOTE ASTEROID. LOS COULD NOT COME AND SENT ME IN HIS STEAD.



YOUR THOUGHT PROJECTOR IS SET TOO HIGH... WE CANNOT TUNE IN TO YOU! YOU PROBABLY FORGOT THAT YOU LAST USED IT TO COMMUNICATE SOME DISTANCE AWAY.

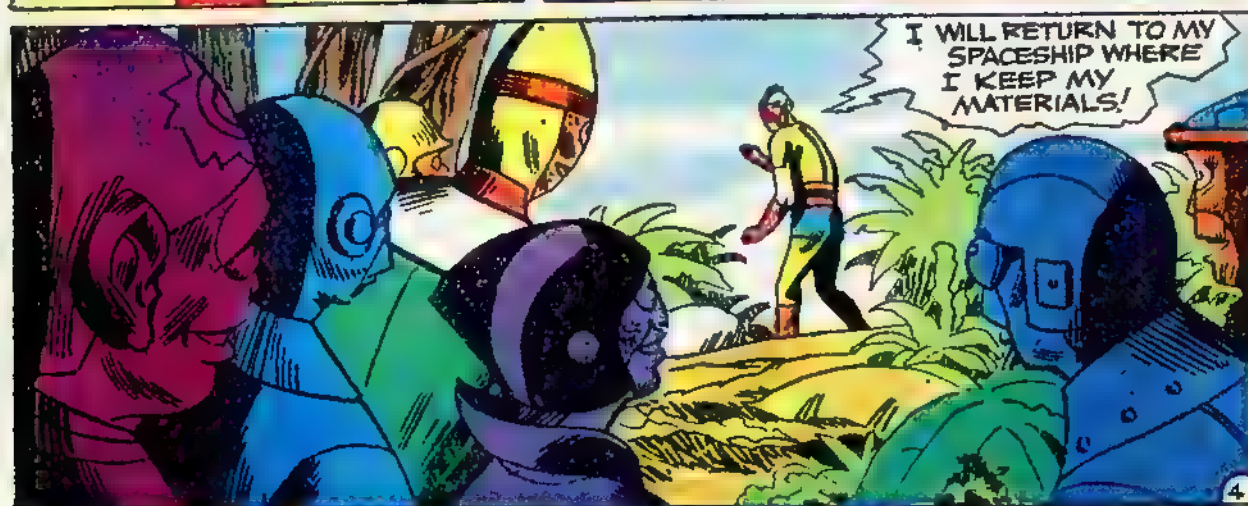


I REGRET MY OVERSIGHT, BUT I WAS EAGER TO VOLUNTEER FOR THE TESTING MISSION. I AM A MASTER OF DISGUISE. I CAN MAKE MYSELF LOOK JUST LIKE AN EARTHLING.



GOOD! NOW WE NEED BUT ONE MORE VOLUNTEER!

I WILL RETURN TO MY SPACESHIP WHERE I KEEP MY MATERIALS!



SOON...

I COULD MAKE AN ATTEMPT TO SWIM TO THE MAINLAND AND INFORM THE AUTHORITIES... BUT WHAT GOOD WOULD THAT DO? THE ALIEN WEAPONS ARE TOO POWERFUL! NO, I'VE GOT TO RISK THIS MYSELF. BUT FIRST I'D BETTER TIE UP LOS!

NOT LONG AFTER, WHEN BRAD RETURNS...

A SPLENDID DISGUISE, ROGAR! THIS IS BALAN, YOUR TEAM MATE. I WILL DEMONSTRATE ALL OUR DEVICES, THEN YOU TWO WILL TELEPORT TO THE NEAREST CITY TO TEST THEM WITH REAL CRIMES. REMEMBER, EVEN IF YOU FAIL, EARTH POLICE WILL BE NO MATCH FOR YOU!

THUS, SHORTLY AFTER, WHEN THEY REACH THE CITY...

WHAT TERRIBLE, HAVOG-WREAKING GADGETS WE'RE CARRYING IN OUR CASES! LUCKILY, I DECIDED ON THIS RUSE... I CAN USE THEM WITHOUT HARMFUL EFFECT!

BUT SUDDENLY, BRAD'S PLAN IS JEOPARDIZED...

BRAD WILSON! I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON FRED MANNON'S YACHT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WOW! IT'S MAC COLLINS, I... I'LL HAVE TO PRETEND HE MADE A MISTAKE. I'M SORRY, BUT YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE. I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU IN MY LIFE!

I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR. YOU LOOK JUST LIKE A FRIEND OF MINE!

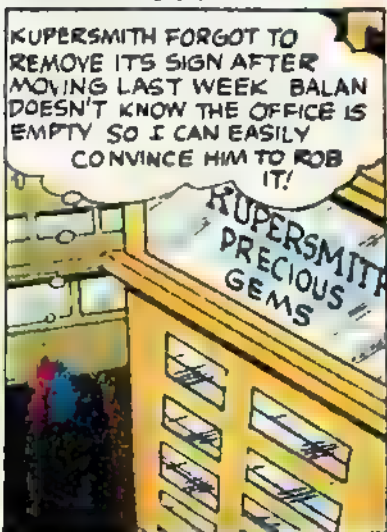
HOW DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW EARTHMAN'S LANGUAGE, ROGAR?

I TUNED IN ON EARTH AND STUDIED IT BEFORE LANDING.

BUT BRAD'S RELIEF WOULD'VE BEEN CUT SHORT IF HE COULD READ BALAN'S UNPROJECTED THOUGHTS...

MAYBE LOS DID SEND HIM... THEN AGAIN MAYBE SOMEHOW AN EARTHLING CAPTURED LOS AND IMPERSONATED HIM TO SPY ON US! I'LL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO FIND OUT!

SHORTLY, IN THE DESERTED FINANCIAL DISTRICT...



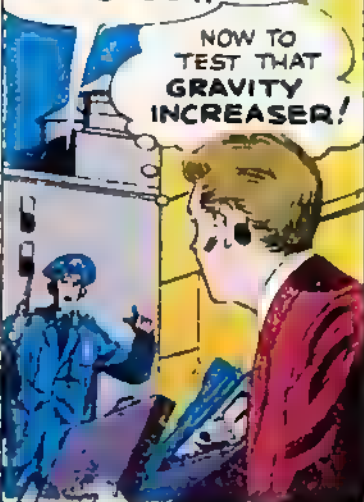
KUPERSMITH FORGOT TO REMOVE ITS SIGN AFTER MOVING LAST WEEK. BALAN DOESN'T KNOW THE OFFICE IS EMPTY SO I CAN EASILY CONVINCE HIM TO ROB IT!

MOMENTS LATER...



GO ON UP, BALAN! I'LL WAIT TO SEE IF POLICE TRY TO INTERFERE. IF THEY DO, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!

HEY--WH-WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? STOP, OR I'LL SHOOT!



NOW TO TEST THAT GRAVITY INCREASER!



NATURALLY! I INCREASED HIS GRAVITY TO MAKE HIM WEIGH TONS! IF I'D BEEN CARELESS, I MIGHT'VE INCREASED IT ENOUGH TO HAVE HIM CRASH THROUGH THE GROUND! AFTER IT WEARS OFF, HE'LL BE NONE THE WORSE!

I... I CAN'T MOVE!

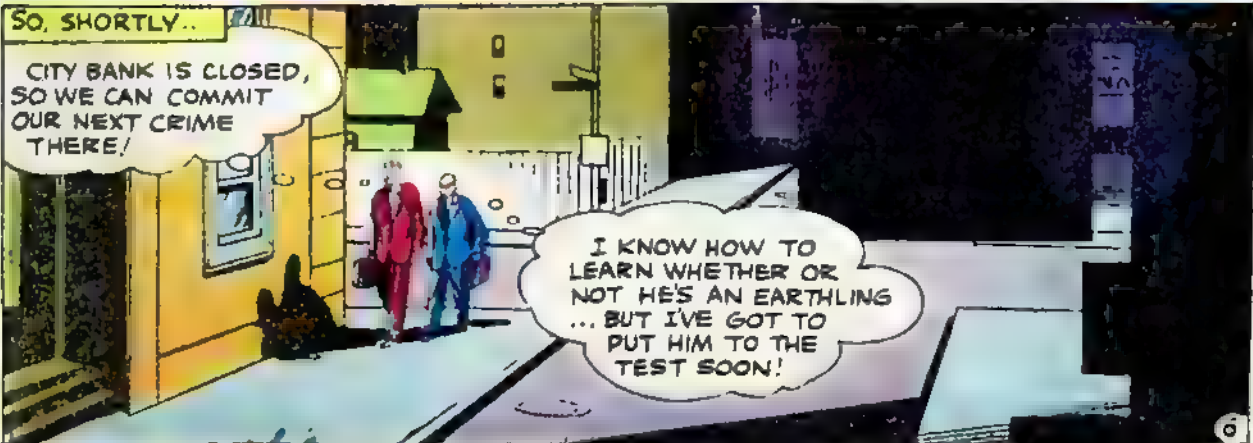
THE PLACE IS EMPTY! THERE'S NOTHING TO STEAL!



WELL, WE PROVED OUR GADGETS ARE SUCCESSFUL! LET'S TELEPORT TO ANOTHER PART OF TOWN!

So, shortly...

CITY BANK IS CLOSED, SO WE CAN COMMIT OUR NEXT CRIME THERE!



I KNOW HOW TO LEARN WHETHER OR NOT HE'S AN EARTHLING... BUT I'VE GOT TO PUT HIM TO THE TEST SOON!



HOUSE OF SECRETS



SOON, AT CITY BANK...

I WILL USE THE HEAT RAY TO MELT THE WALL OF THE BANK. THERE'S THE GUARD..WHEN HE INTERFERES, YOU ATTEND TO HIM!

CITY BANK



NO SOONER DOES BALAN'S DEVICE TAKE EFFECT THAN...

I'M ENMESHING THE GUARD IN A STICKY FIBER SO HE CAN'T MOVE! IF I'M CARELESS AND USE TOO MUCH, HE'LL BE SMOTHERED!



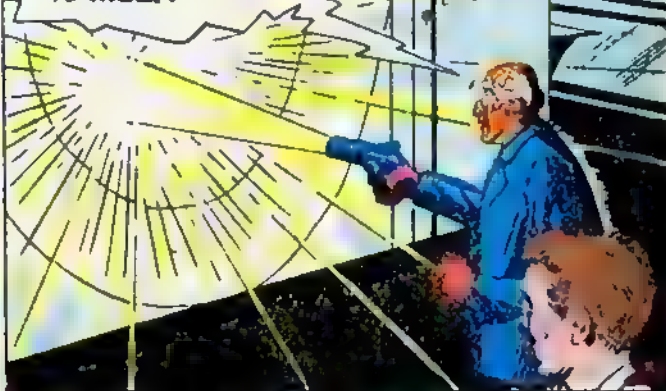
GOOD! YOU'VE RENDERED HIM HELPLESS. NOW COME AND HELP ME!

MY SCHEME'S WORKING--TESTING THEIR EQUIPMENT WITHOUT HARMING ANYONE AND MINIMIZING THE LOSS TO EARTH!



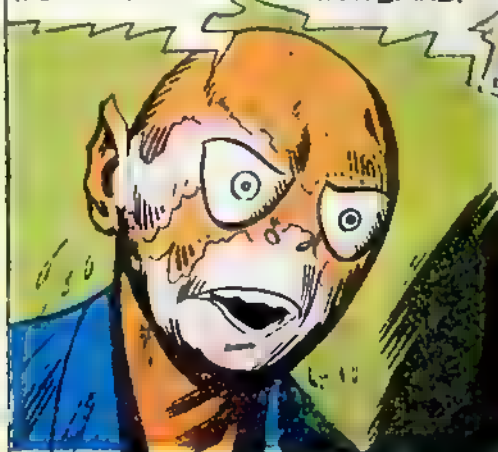
BUT BRAD ISN'T THE LEAST SUSPICIOUS WHEN...

SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG! THE HEAT IS BEING REFLECTED... CAUSING MY MASK ... TO MELT!



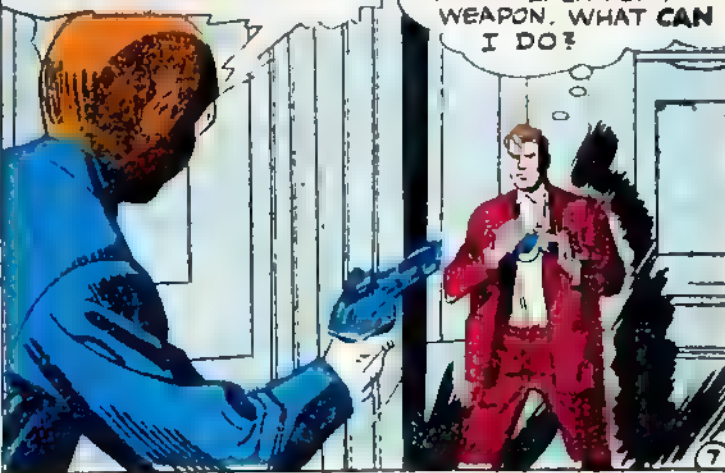
WHY ISN'T YOUR DISGUISE AFFECTED BY THE HEAT?

IT.. IT'S MADE OF A SPECIAL HEAT-PROOF MATERIAL!



PROVE IT! REMOVE YOUR DISGUISE AND SHOW ME YOU'RE NOT AN EARTHLING!

SO IT WAS A TRICK--! MUST THINK.. FAST! I CAN'T REACH FOR A WEAPON. WHAT CAN I DO?

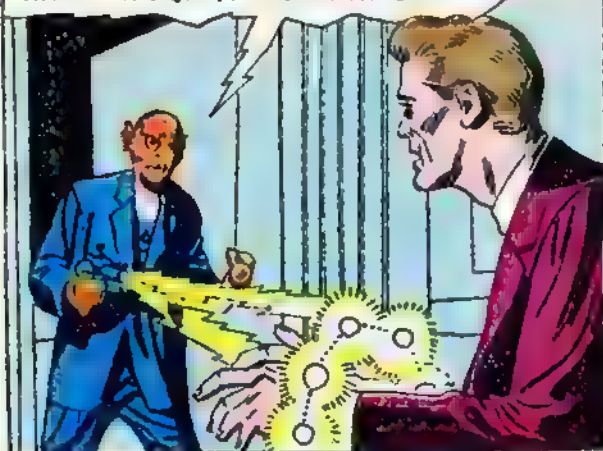




HOUSE OF SECRETS



YOU DO NOT ACCEPT MY CHALLENGE! THESE ELECTRONIC HANDCUFFS WILL KEEP YOU HELPLESS UNTIL I TELEPORT YOU BACK! WE KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH SPIES!

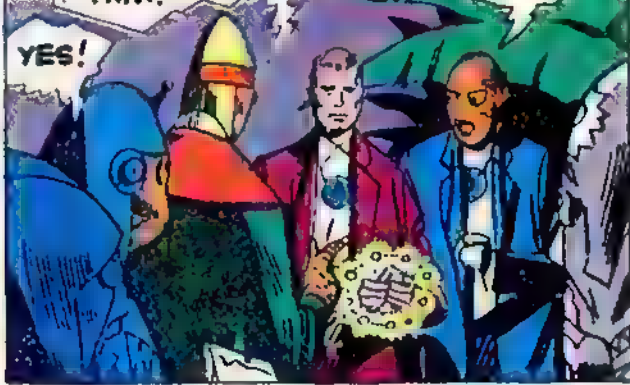


SOON, AS BRAD IS CONFRONTED BY THE OTHERS...

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THIS EARTHLING? I SAY, DESTROY HIM!

YES!

YES!



SUDDENLY, A SPACE CRAFT ROARS INTO VIEW AND HOVERS OVERHEAD...

DON'T MOVE, ANY OF YOU! YOU'RE ALL COVERED WITH DE-ENERGIZERS!



INTERPLANETARY POLICE! HOW... HOW DID THEY GET HERE?

I SUMMONED THEM! WHEN BALAN CORNERED ME, I WAS DESPERATE FOR AN IDEA. I REMEMBERED THE FIRST TIME I TRIED TO PROJECT MY THOUGHTS TO YOU, THE DIAL WAS SET FOR COMMUNICATING AT A GREATER DISTANCE! SO...

"...I SET THE DIAL FOR THE GREATEST POSSIBLE DISTANCE, AND..."

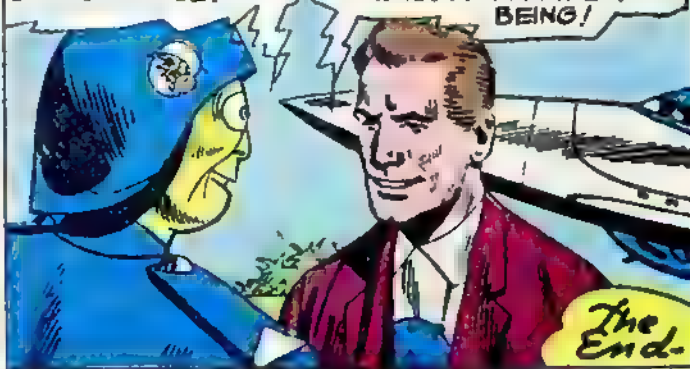
CALLING INTERPLANETARY POLICE! A BAND OF ALIEN CRIMINALS IS ON EARTH! HERE IS THE LOCATION...



AFTER THE ALIENS HAVE BEEN REMOVED...

YOU DID A FINE JOB, EARTHMAN! I'M MAKING YOU AN HONORARY MEMBER OF THE FORCE!

THANKS, BUT I DON'T HAVE TO WEAR A UNIFORM, DO I? I THINK I'VE HAD ENOUGH FOR THE TIME BEING!



The End.

THE MELTING HANDS

WHEN we first started receiving reports about him, the chief and I tossed them into the "crackpot" file, and let the matter go at that. But how many crackpots can come up with the exact same story? Before long, it became an official case, and I was the boy picked to solve it.

Our suspect went by the name of *Mercuro*, and he had quite a stunt. Claiming to be the descendant of an ancient magician, he would call upon a rich family and warn them that he would destroy every precious possession they owned, unless they paid him a ransom. How could he do that? With his *hands* . . . hands that could melt any object he chose! Sounds crazy, doesn't it? That's what I thought, too, until I watched *Mercuro* in action.

The chief had dispatched me to the home of *Mercuro's* latest would-be victim, and I was there to greet the so-called magician when he arrived. Gaunt and bearded, he sneered at me when I introduced myself as a detective with one of those "try-and-stop-me" looks that we policemen are so accustomed to. Frankly, by the time he was finished there, I wondered if there *was* any way to stop him.

Mercuro's first act was to remind our host of his warning—that he would melt any object he chose, if he weren't sufficiently "discouraged." That was how he put it—real subtle—so that the law could not touch him. Of course, we called his gambit—and that's when *Mercuro* went into his act.

Calm as you please, he walked over to a precious little ornament—a small, gold reproduction of the Eiffel Tower. He waved his hands over it once or twice, uttering some weird sounds that no one could make out. Suddenly, right before our eyes, the thing began melting! I tell you, that's no exaggeration. First it started bubbling, losing its shape—then it collapsed and flowed off the table.

I could tell that *Mercuro's* victim had seen enough. He quickly agreed to any terms, and *Mercuro* departed, a much richer man. As I said, there was no way I could stop him. After all, what's the crime in waving your hands over something until it melts?

Yet, I knew there had to be a gimmick—the trick was to find it. I began checking back with all of *Mercuro's* previous victims—and soon, I was able to uncover a pattern. It was a slim lead, but what else did I have to go on?

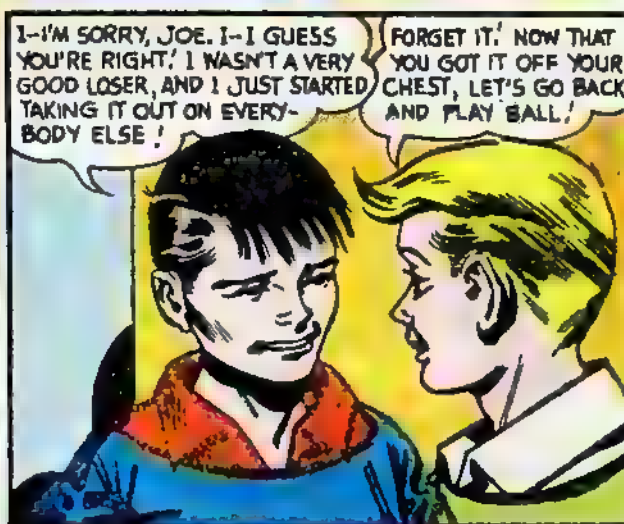
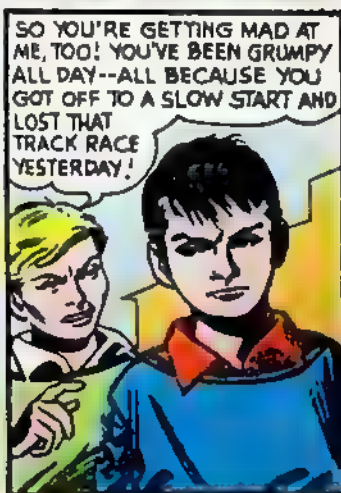
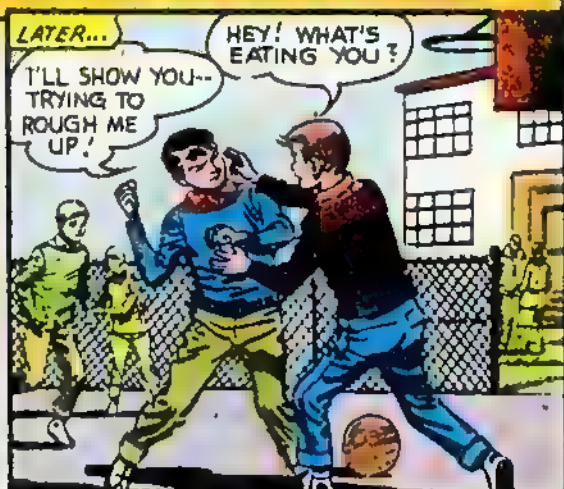
The next time *Mercuro* paid someone a visit, I was again on hand. He went through the same routine, and again I challenged him. Only this time, when the melting act was due, *Mercuro* looked confused. He gaped all over the place, then, suddenly realizing we were onto him, he made a break for the door. I caught him in a flying tackle.

An analysis at the police lab, later that day, clinched the case. *Mercuro*, as it turned out, was working hand in hand with F. W. Franklin, a local antique dealer. Every object he'd melted had been purchased from Franklin, who had himself been working in league with a criminal chemist.

All the melted objects had been subjected to a special chemical process, making them unstable when subjected to a unique acid, in powder form. *Mercuro* had this powder concealed in a ring he wore. By simply opening the ring's ornament, while waving his hands over the objects, he sprinkled enough of this amazing chemical to start the melting process.

Mercuro, Franklin and their chemist-accomplice are now serving a stretch in the State Penitentiary. There's one thing you can be sure of. They'll never figure out a way to melt the bars of their cells.

GET a GRIP on your GRIPEs!

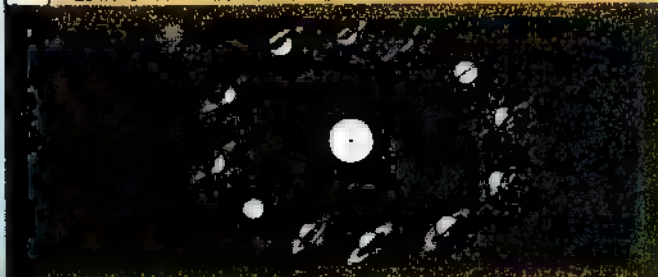


GIANTS OF THE TELESCOPE CHRISTIAAN HUYGENS (1629-1695)

IN 1665, THE DUTCH ASTRONOMER HUYGENS HIT UPON A NEW METHOD OF GRINDING AND POLISHING TELESCOPIC LENSES. THIS CLEARER DEFINITION OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM LED TO THE DISCOVERY OF TITAN, SATURN'S LARGEST SATELLITE !!!



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1659 MARKED THE FIRST TIME ANYONE WAS ABLE TO DRAW EVEN A ROUGH SKETCH OF A SURFACE DETAIL ON MARS -- ANOTHER PIONEERING ACHIEVEMENT OF CHRISTIAAN HUYGENS !!!



1659 - EARLIEST SKETCH OF SYRTIS MAJOR ON MARS, BY HUYGENS.



1918 - A MORE RECENT SKETCH OF SYRTIS MAJOR BY PHILLIPS.

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KING OF THE SEVEN SEAS,

in a thrilling three-part novel,
featuring the origin of Aquaman, as
he battles the amazing menace of
"The CREATURES from ATLANTIS!"





ONE OF THEM WAS DEADLY--A SAVAGE BEAST FROM SOME NAMELESS ALIEN JUNGLE... THE OTHER, A CREATURE TRAINED TO SERVE! BUT HOW COULD AN EARTHMAN TELL THEM APART?... THIS WAS THE PERILOUS PROBLEM THAT CONFRONTED MARK MERLIN WHEN HE TRACKED DOWN THE...

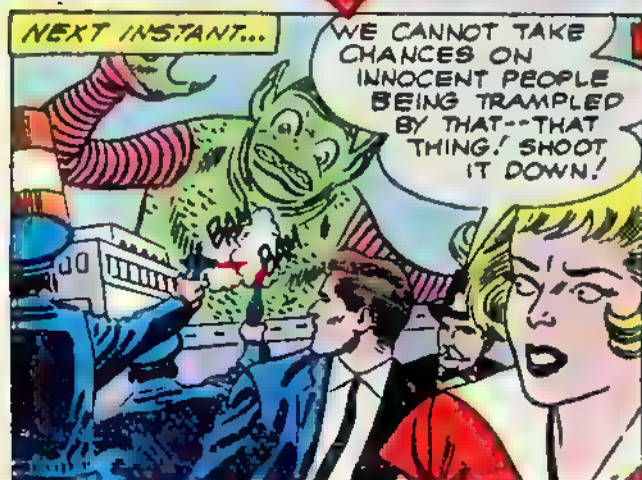
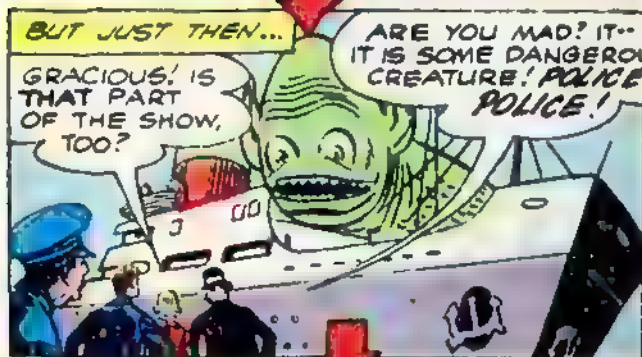
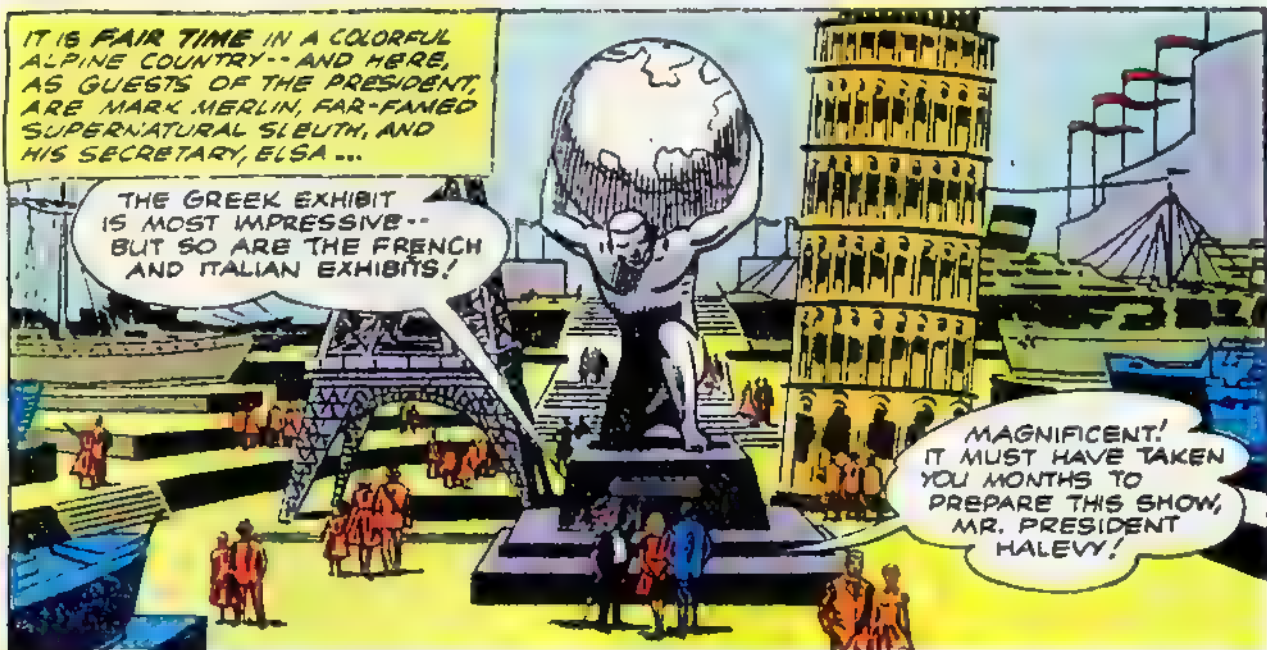
MASTER *of* SPACE BEASTS

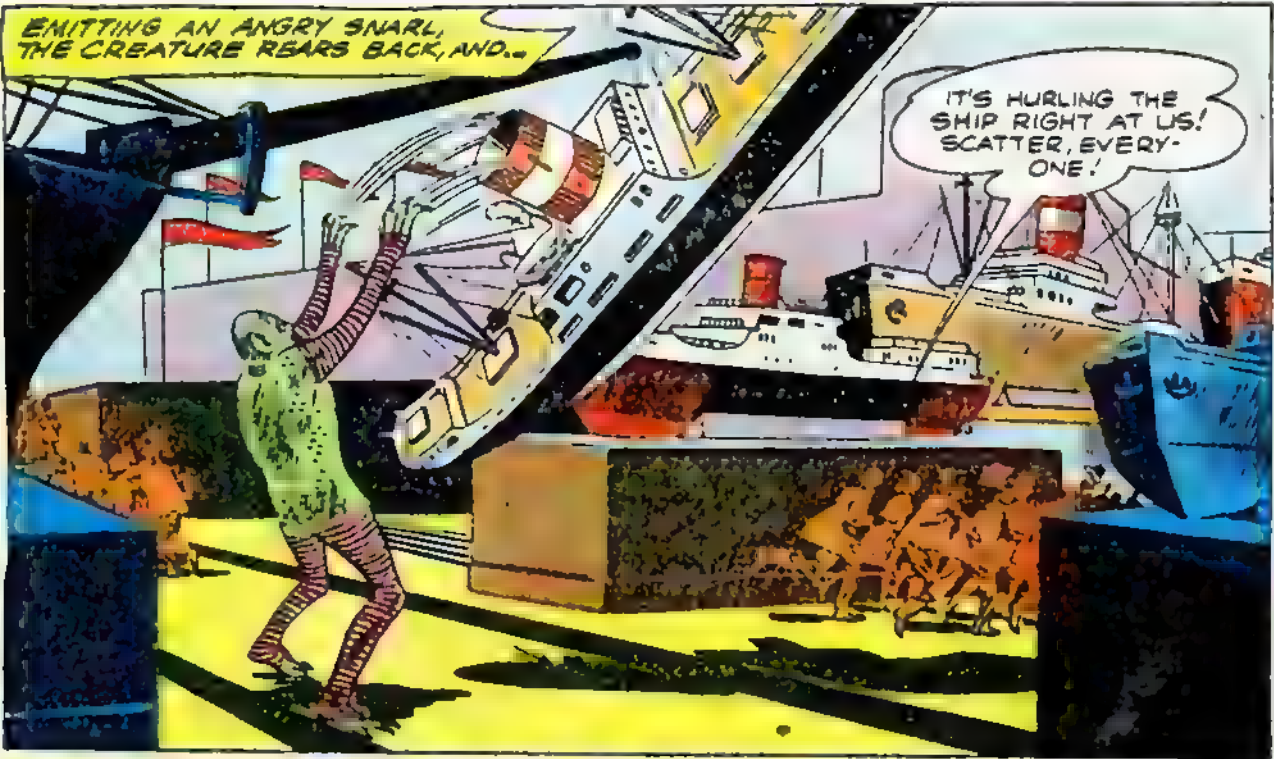
A
**MARK
MERLIN**
MYSTERY

MARK!...
Y-YOU MUST'VE
SHOT THE
WRONG ONE!
THE OTHER
ONE IS
COMING
STRAIGHT
FOR US!

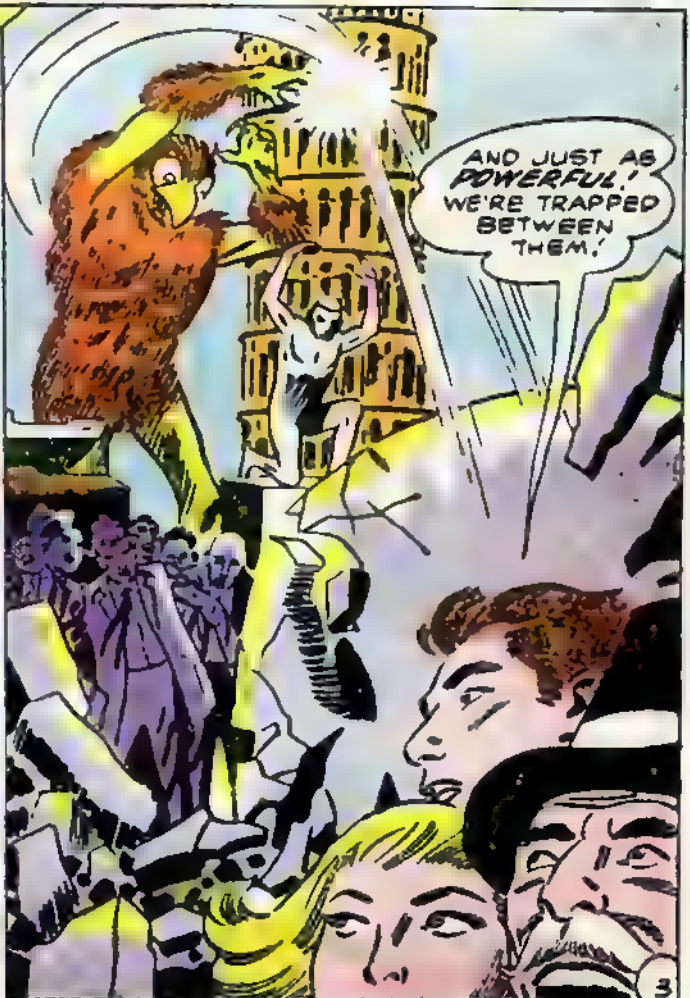
YES... AND
THAT WAS THE
LAST SHOT LEFT IN
THE STUN-RAY
GUN!



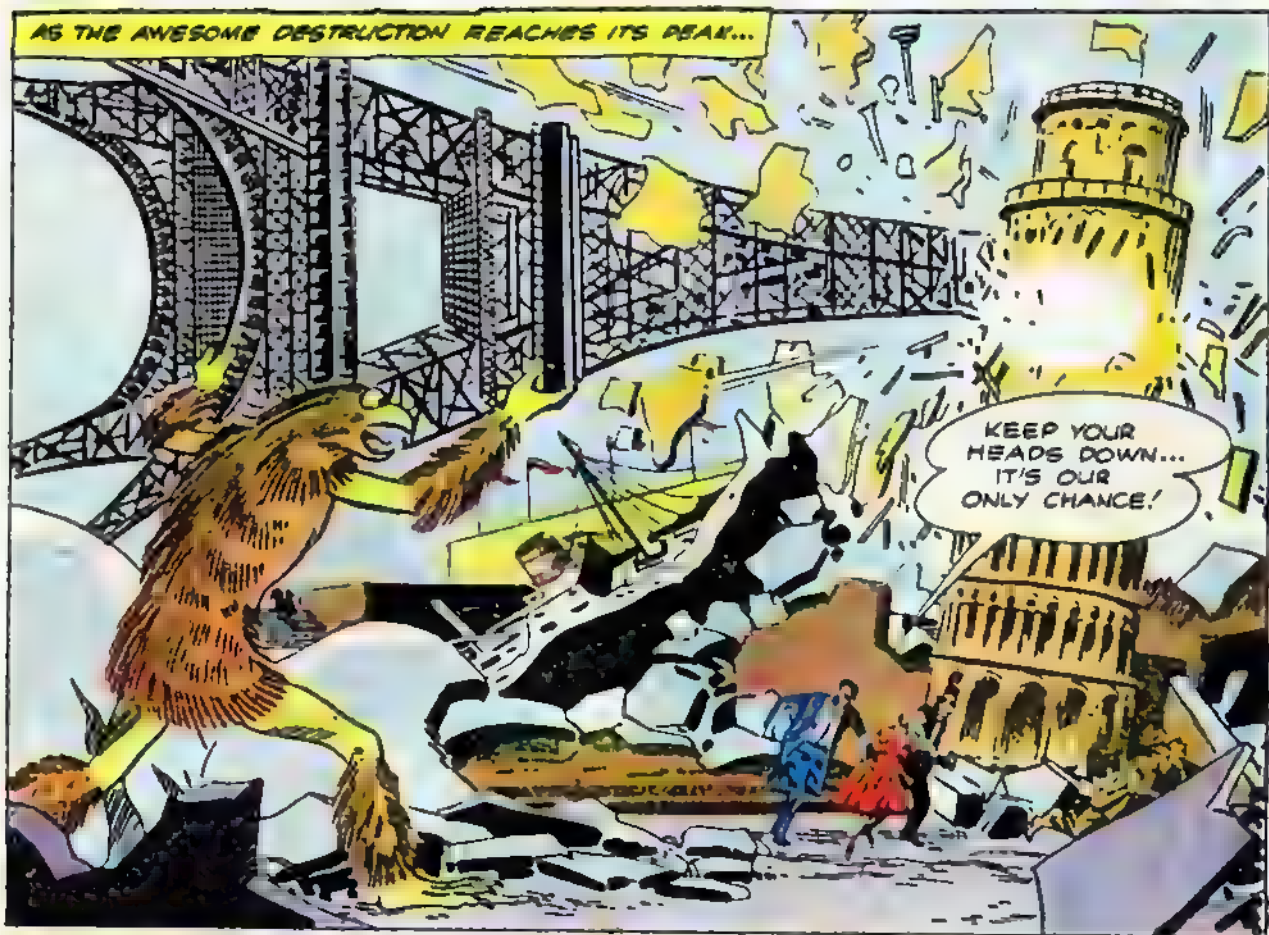




BUT AS THE PANIC-STRIKEN SPECTATORS SURGE IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION...



AS THE AWESOME DESTRUCTION REACHES ITS PEAK...



SHORTLY, AS A STRANGE CALM DESCENDS OVER THE WRECKED FAIR GROUNDS...

TH- THEY HAVE GONE OFF, LEAVING EVERYTHING IN RUINS: WHERE COULD THOSE TERRIBLE CREATURES HAVE COME FROM? **WHERE?**

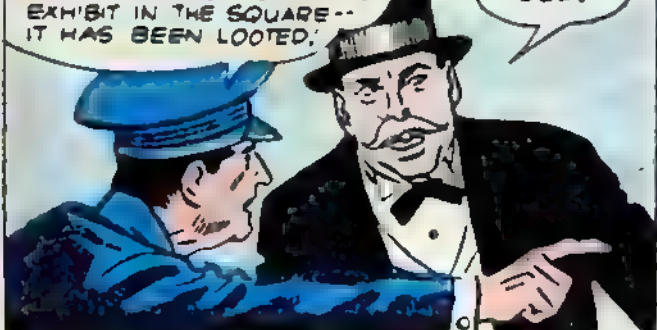
THEY WEREN'T FROM *THIS* WORLD... I'M SURE OF THAT MUCH!



SUDDENLY...

MR. PRESIDENT! DREADFUL NEWS! THE PRICELESS DIAMOND EXHIBIT IN THE SQUARE-- IT HAS BEEN LOOTED!

WHAT? LET ME SEE!



MOMENTS LATER...

THIS IS THE LAST STRAW! WE WOULD HAVE TO SEARCH EVERY PERSON WHO VISITED THE FAIR TO FIND THEM!

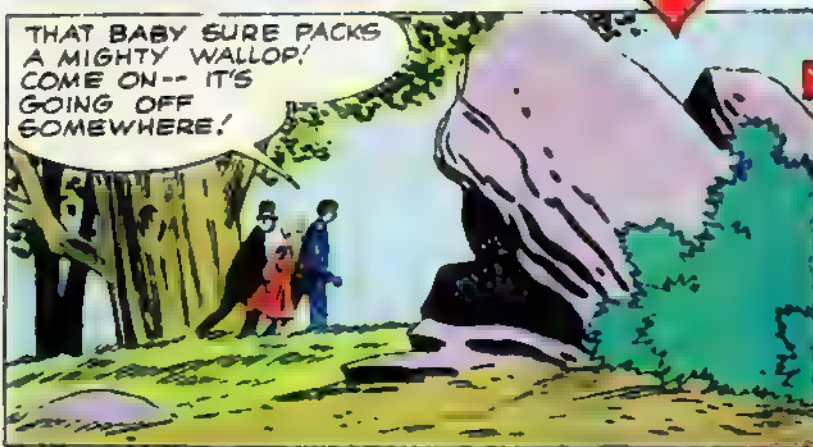
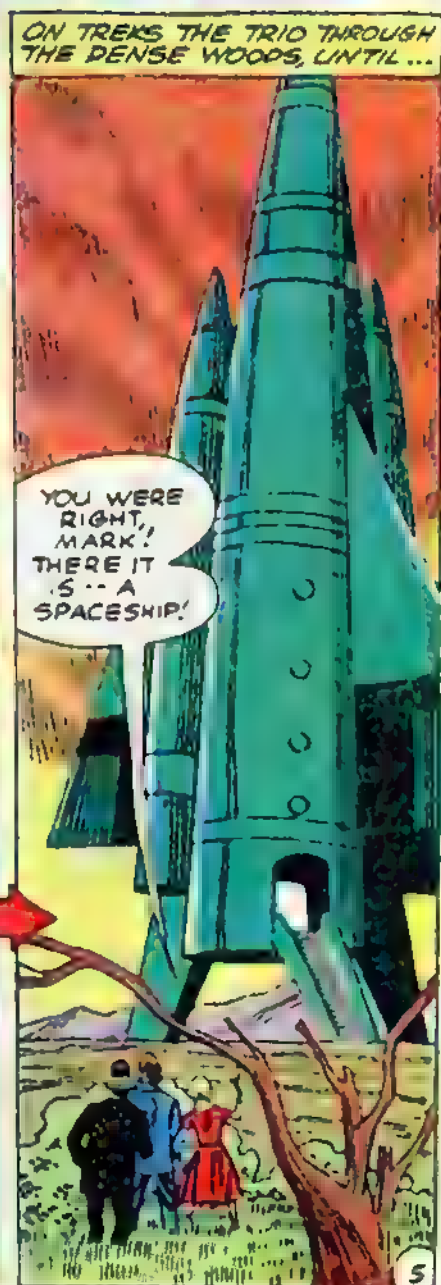
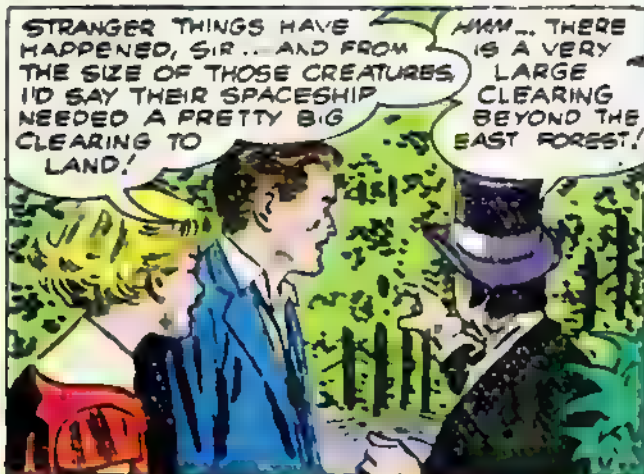
NO, MR. PRESIDENT... ALMOST EVERYONE HERE WAS DESPERATELY TRYING TO ESCAPE THOSE TWO CREATURES!

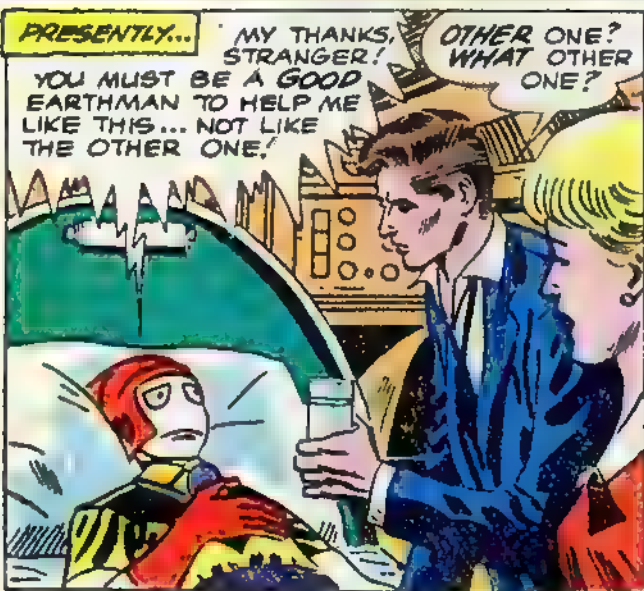
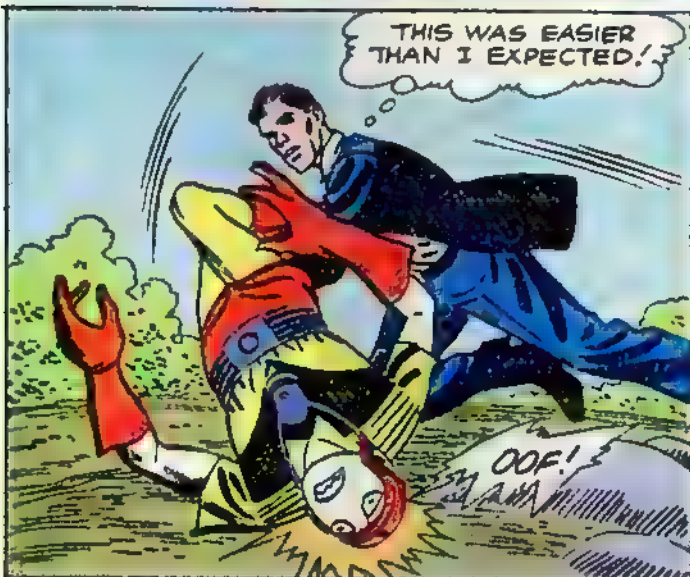
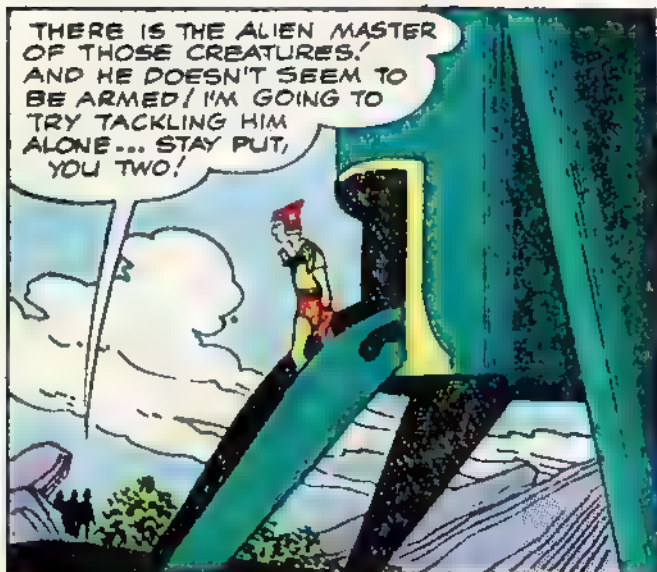


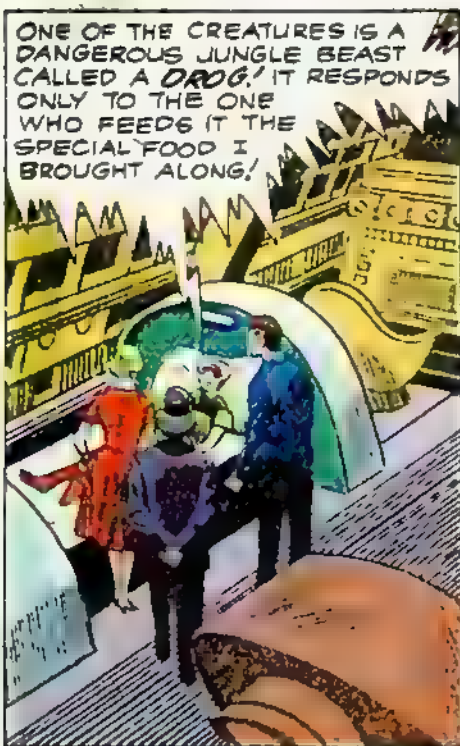
OBVIOUSLY THE ONE WHO STOLE THE GEMS WAS *NOT* AFRAID OF THEM! HE MAY, IN FACT, HAVE BEEN USING THEM TO COVER UP HIS LOOTING!

Y-YOU MEAN... AN ALIEN JEWEL THIEF?

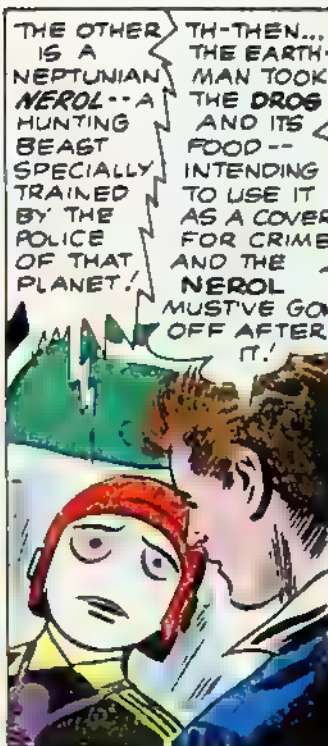








ONE OF THE CREATURES IS A DANGEROUS JUNGLE BEAST CALLED A **DROG**. IT RESPONDS ONLY TO THE ONE WHO FEEDS IT THE SPECIAL FOOD I BROUGHT ALONG!



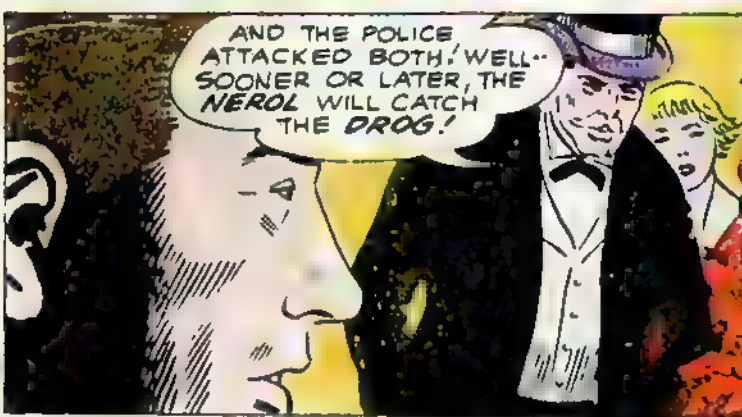
THE OTHER IS A NEPTUNIAN **NEROL**-- A HUNTING BEAST SPECIALLY TRAINED BY THE POLICE OF THAT PLANET!

TH-THEN... THE EARTH-MAN TOOK THE **DROG** AND ITS FOOD-- INTENDING TO USE IT AS A COVER FOR CRIME-- AND THE **NEROL** MUST'VE GONE OFF AFTER IT!

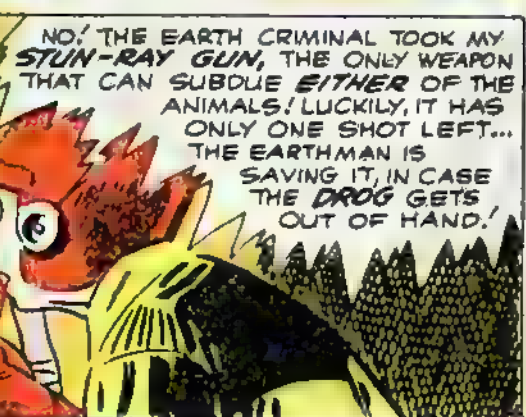


BUT, MARK-- WE SAW **BOTH BEASTS** CAUSING DESTRUCTION!

THE **NEROL** IS TRAINED TO BECOME DESTRUCTIVE ONLY WHEN ATTACKED!



AND THE POLICE ATTACKED BOTH! WELL-- SOONER OR LATER, THE **NEROL** WILL CATCH THE **DROG**!

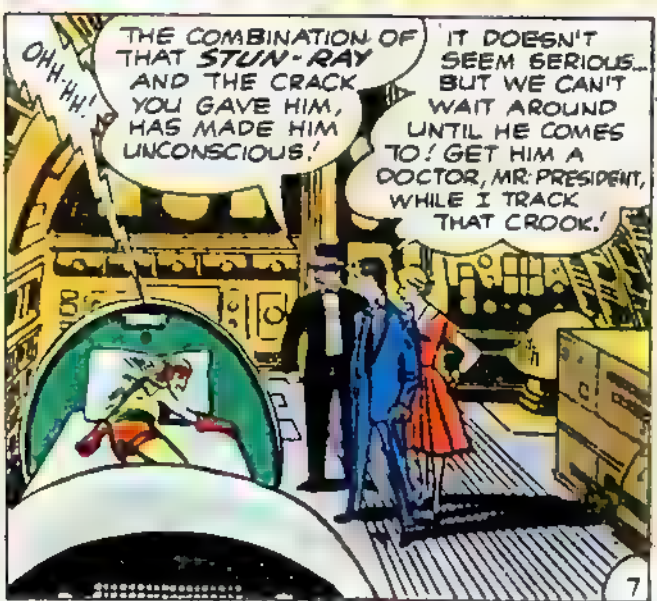


NO! THE EARTH CRIMINAL TOOK MY **STUN-RAY GUN**, THE ONLY WEAPON THAT CAN SUBDUCE **EITHER** OF THE ANIMALS! LUCKILY, IT HAS ONLY ONE SHOT LEFT... THE EARTHMAN IS SAVING IT, IN CASE THE **DROG** GETS OUT OF HAND!



THEN WE'VE GOT TO LOCATE THE CROOK BEFORE HE USES THE LAST SHOT ON THE **NEROL**! BUT TELL US-- WHICH CREATURE IS WHICH?

THE **NEROL** IS THE... THE...



OH-HH!

THE COMBINATION OF THAT **STUN-RAY** AND THE CRACK YOU GAVE HIM, HAS MADE HIM UNCONSCIOUS!

IT DOESN'T SEEM SERIOUS... BUT WE CAN'T WAIT AROUND UNTIL HE COMES TO! GET HIM A DOCTOR, MR. PRESIDENT, WHILE I TRACK THAT CROOK!

SOON, AS MARK SURVEYS THE COUNTRYSIDE...

THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF COTTAGES... HE COULD BE IN ANY ONE OF THEM!

TRUE, ELSA-- BUT WHILE EVERYONE HAS BEEN ATTRACTED TO THE FAIR BY WHAT HAPPENED, ONLY ONE COTTAGE SEEMS TO BE INHABITED RIGHT NOW... SEE THE LIGHTED WINDOW?... COME ON!

SURE ENOUGH, AS THE PAIR STEALS CLOSE TO THE COTTAGE...

I WAS RIGHT... HE'S STILL ADMIRING HIS LOOT. BUT I'D BE A FOOL TO ATTACK HIM WHILE HE'S GOT THAT STUN-RAY GUN!

SUDDENLY...

MARK! HERE COME BOTH CREATURES OUT OF THE FOREST!

QUICK, ELSA-- FLATTEN OUT AGAINST THE WALL!

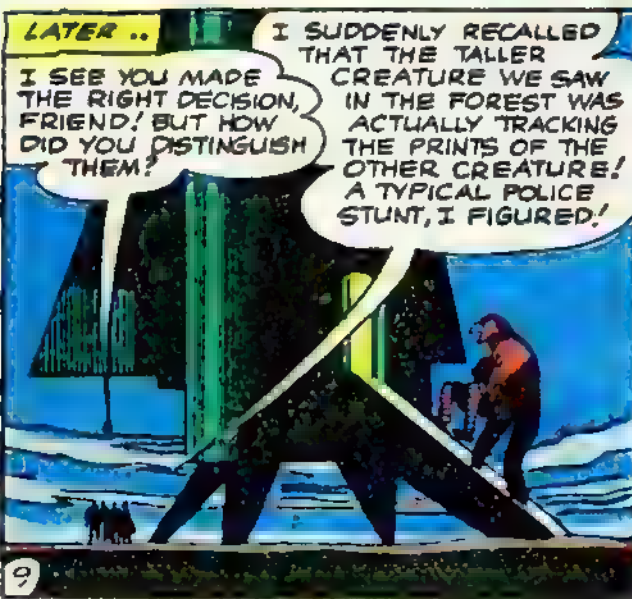
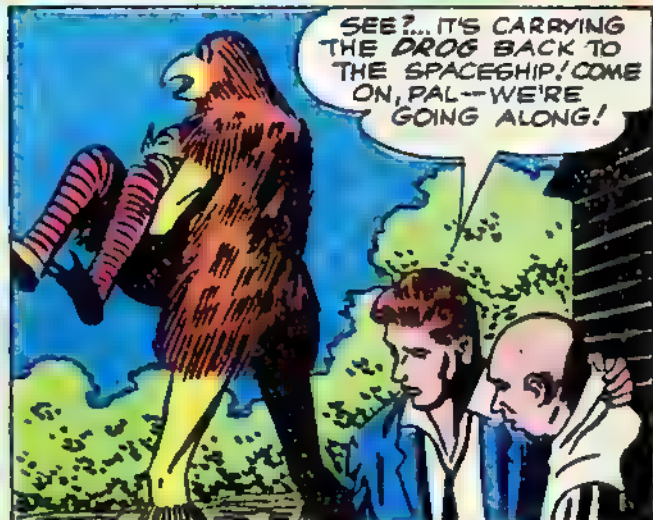
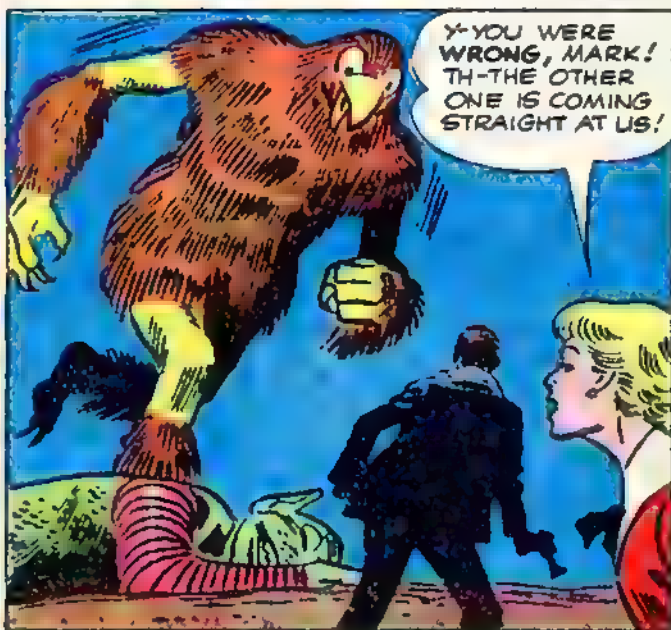
BUT NEXT MOMENT, AS MARK HESITATES BEFORE THE ONRUSHING BEASTS...

'HA, HA! WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT? I KNOW... BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW THE NERD FROM THE DROG!' AND WITH ONLY ONE SHOT, YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MAKE A MISTAKE!

AS THE CRIMINAL, ATTRACTED BY THE THUNDERING CLAMOR OF THE APPROACHING BEASTS, RACES OUT...

I'LL TAKE THIS, PAL!

OOF!



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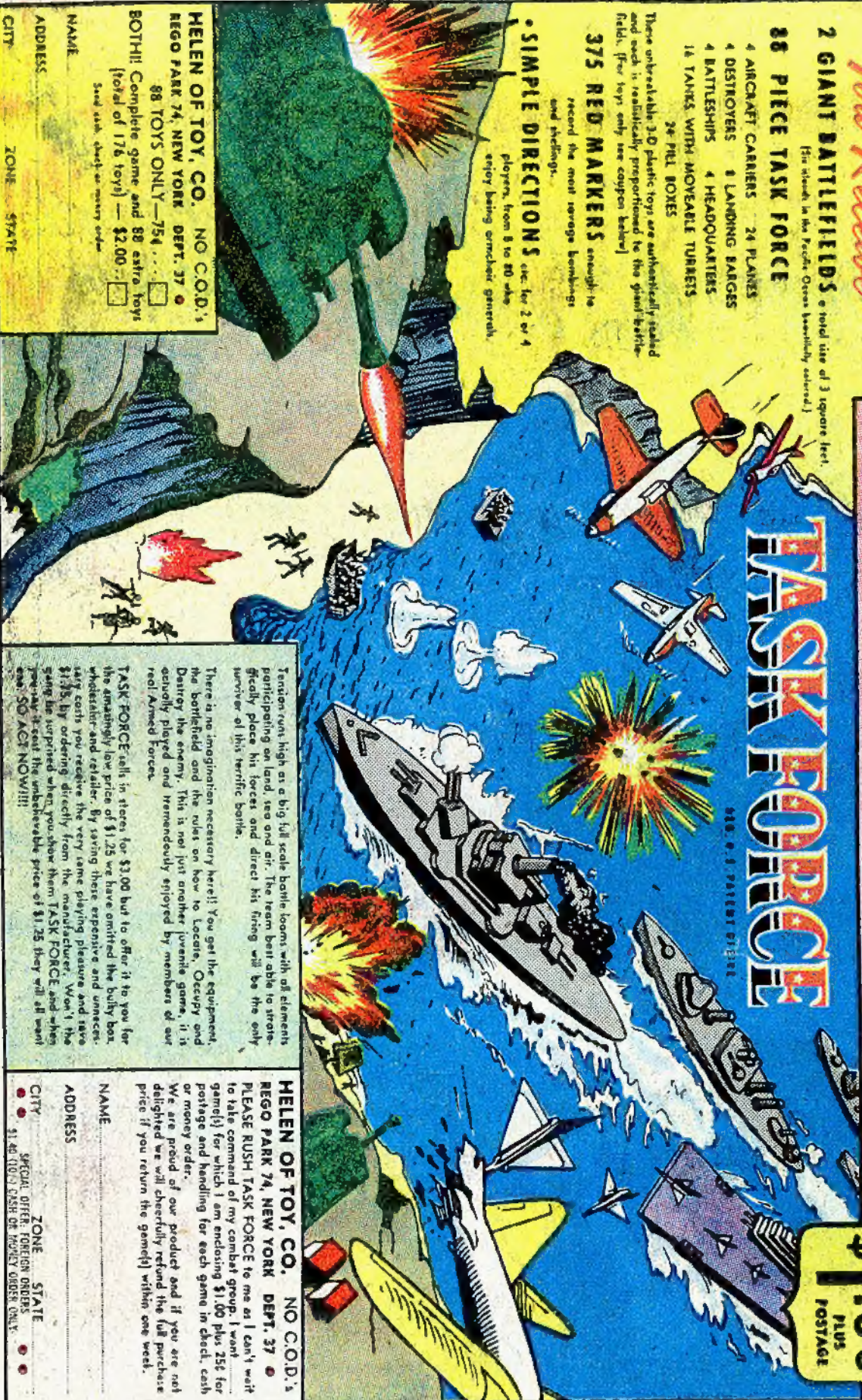
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• SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

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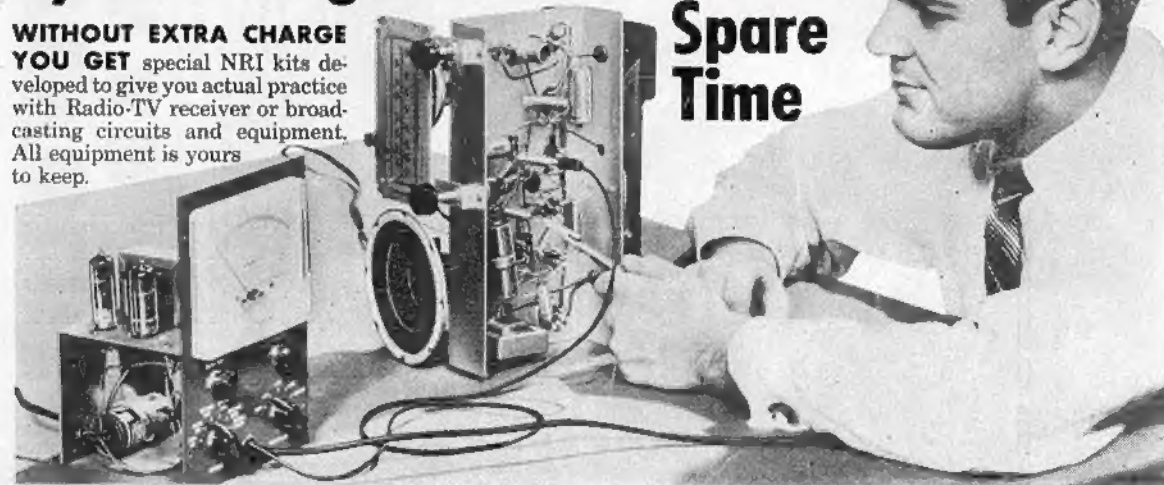
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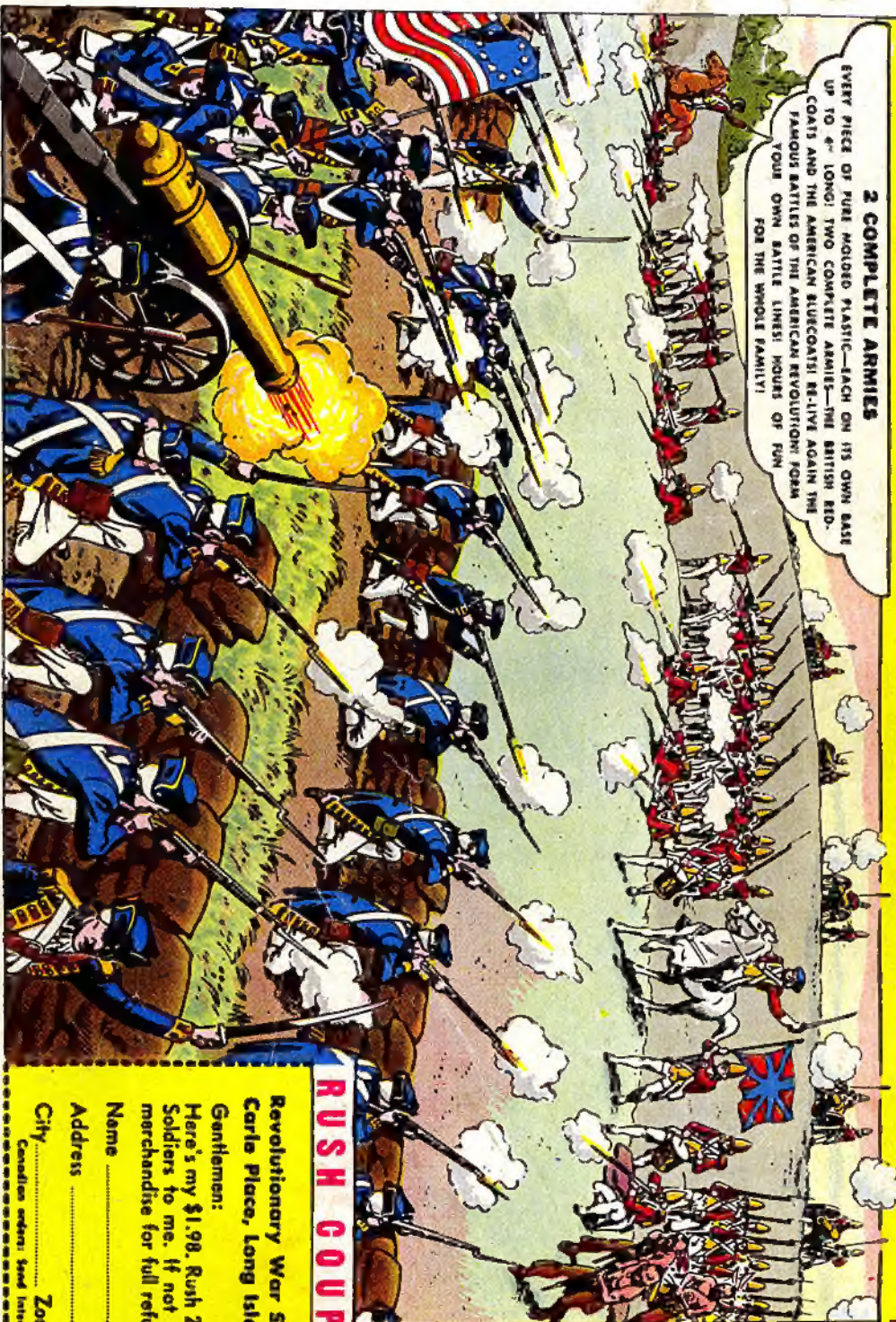
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